THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FEBRUARY, 1806.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY:

ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA:

[Concluded.]

3. *A critical examination of the recital of Abulpharagius and Abdollatif.*

We may reasonably suspect that, since Abdollatif was the first historian, Abulpharagius had seen this passage, and has only commented upon and embellished it after his own manner. Abdollatif does not relate any of the circumstances which attended the destruction of the library; but what confidence can be placed in a writer who relates, that he saw what we know no longer existed at that time? "I have seen, says he, the portico and the college which Alexander the Great built, and in which was contained the superb library." Now these buildings were placed in the Bruchion, and since the reign of Aurelian, who had caused them to be destroyed, that is to say, at least nine hundred years before Abdollatif, the Bruchion was no better than a barren wilderness covered with ruins.

Abulpharagius, on his part, places the library in the *royal palace*. The anachronism is equally apparent. The royal buildings, being all in the Bruchion, could not have remained at that time. Besides, what signified the *royal palace* in a country which, for a long time before, had had no kings, and which had submitted to the emperours of the east?

As a story is not absolutely incontestible, because it is related by one or two witnesses, some have doubted this. Renaudot, in his history of the patriarchs of Alexandria, has shaken its authenticity by saying, "*this recital has something suspicious, as is very common among the Arabians.*" At length Querci, the two Assemani, Villoisin, Gibbon, and, in the last place, the author of the German dissertation, have all declared their disbelief of the fact.

Gibbon remarks, that two annalists, both of Egypt, have not said one word of a circumstance so remarkable. The first is Eutychius, a patriarch of Alexandria, who lived there three hundred years after the capture of the city by the Saracens, and who, in his annals, has given a very long history of the siege and of the events which succeeded. The second is El-Macin, a very veracious writer, author of the history of the Saracens, and who particularly relates in minute detail the life of Omar and the taking of Alexandria. Is it to be conceived, is it credible, that these two historians were ignorant of a circumstance so important; that two learned men, whom such a loss would have greatly in-

terested, should not have made any mention of it ; men, who lived, who wrote at Alexandria, and one of whom (Eutychius) at an epoch very near the event ; and that we should have the first information from a foreigner, who wrote six centuries afterwards on the frontiers of Media ?

Besides, Gibbon further observes, how could the caliph Omar, who was himself by no means an enemy of the sciences, have acted on this occasion against his own particular character, while he had only, to excuse himself from such an act of barbarism, the sentiment of the casuists of the Mussulman law? These declare (see the third volume of the Dissertations of Reland on the military law of the Mahometans) " that it was unlawful to burn the religious books of the Jews or Christians, on account of the name of God which they contained, and that the works of profane science, of historians or poets, physicians or philosophers, may be lawfully applied to the use of the faithful." This decision discovers no spirit of Vandalism.

To these reasons Mr. K. Reinhard adds his own. He remarks, that Eutychius in his annals (vol. ii. page 316) records the words of a letter, in which Amrou gives an account to the caliph Omar of the taking of Alexandria, after a long and obstinate siege. I have taken the city, says he, sword in hand, and without previous capitulation. *I cannot describe to you the treasures it contains. Let it suffice to inform you, that I have found four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, forty thousand taxable Jews, four hundred theatres, twelve hundred gardeners selling vegetables. Thy Mussulmen demand the pillage of the city and a division of the spoils.* Omar, in his answer, disapproves of this demand, and severely prohibits all pillage and dilapidation.

We observe, that Amrou, in his official relation of his conquest, seeks, as is the custom in our days, to exaggerate its value and importance. He does not omit a barrack, nor a Jew, nor a gardener. How could he have forgotten the library ? He whom Abulpharagius describes as a friend of the arts and philosophy ? Could he have thought, that this celebrated and ancient monument was not of sufficient value for him to have taken the trouble to render some account of it ?

El-Macin also records the letter of Amrou, nearly in the same words ; he says not one word of the library. It may be objected, that this letter was perhaps never written by Amrou, and that the two historians have forged it : but this would be an additional reason, why the library should have been mentioned, had it remained at that time. Would they both have omitted an article, which must have appeared of such vast importance in the eyes of learned men, inhabitants of Alexandria ? Would they have prided themselves of appearing better informed on baths, and of kitchen gardens, than of the library ? But if the letter be authentick, as its contents give us reason to believe, we must also pay some attention to the answer of the calif, who orders them to spare every thing found in the city.

We may then without much hazard draw the conclusion, that the library of the Ptolemies no longer existed in 640, the time of the taking of Alexandria by the Saracens.

We will adduce still further proof, founded on two writers, nearly cotemporaries of Omar. One of them, John Philoponus

(whom Gibbon and others have confounded with John the grammarian, of whom Abulpharagius speaks), says, in his commentary on the Analyticks of Aristotle, " that in the *ancient libraries* there *were found* forty different books of the Analyticks." He does not expressly mention the libraries of Alexandria; but he lived, he wrote in that city, where they doubtless called *the libraries* by distinction, and he could not here speak of any others. We know beside, from Athenæus, Strabo, and Plutarch in his life of Sylla, that the writings of Aristotle had been very carefully collected for the library of the Ptolemies.

But if there still remains a doubt, let us consult the master of Philoponus, Ammonius Hermias, in his observations on the Categories of Aristotle. He lived at Alexandria, before the invasion of the Saracens. " Ptolemy Philadelphus (says he) has the reputation of having made great exertions to collect the writings of Aristotle, and to have liberally recompensed those who collected his productions, in consequence of which many fictitious copies were brought to him, and in the great library there *were found* forty different books of the Analyticks." It is very certain, that Ammonius and Philoponus both here refer to the Alexandrian library; that, which the former calls the *great*, being the same, which the latter denominates the *ancient library*. They both mention it as a thing which had been, and which remained no longer. We may even believe, that they allude to the library of the Serapion; for Philadelphus, who collected with so much care the writings of Aristotle, would doubtless have placed them among a collection which he originated, and for which he had a great partiality.

If we consult natural probabilities, we shall find them against the recital of Abulpharagius and the existence of a library in the time of Omar and Amrou. The books of the ancients were written on parchment, or on leaves of the papyrus. Those of the library of Alexandria must have been particularly of this last kind, as the papyrus was an Egyptian plant. Now the leaves of the papyrus were very subject to dissolution and to insects, particularly in the warm and humid climate of Alexandria, so that it was necessary frequently to renew the copies. Can we believe, that all the necessary care could have been given to the preservation of such a library after the reign of the Ptolemies, in the midst of wars, of insurrections that prevailed, and during which the taste for sciences and letters, as we well know, declined? The manuscripts in parchment, which probably were not numerous, might have lasted a longer time; but all the others must have become, after two or three centuries, food for worms.

Abulpharagius does not determine the number of the books, which, according to him, were burnt; but, says he, they served for six months to heat the baths of the city, and we know that these amounted to four thousand. "Hear and wonder!" adds he. It is indeed an object of admiration; books, which heat four thousand baths, during six months. A wit might observe, that Amrou, having taken the city precisely in the month of May, there could not have been a great necessity of hot water in the baths of Alexandria. The volumes or rolls of the ancients were not comparable to ours in folio,

and the number of those burnt, at the highest estimation, could not amount but to three or four hundred thousand; the daily portion of each bath must have been very small. What strange materials for heating these cauldrons—old parchments and rolls of papyrus!! There must have proceeded a most exquisite perfume for the four thousand baths, and the whole city. These two ingredients might have well given an insufferable smoke, but could not serve to heat water. This last absurdity is one of the reasons, not the least strong, against the recital of Abulpharagius.

4. *Conjectures on the ultimate fate of the library.*

If it be then true, as it appears, that in 640, the time when Alexandria was taken by Amrou, the celebrated library no longer remained; in what manner was it dispersed and destroyed after 415, when Orosius assures us he had seen it? We will first remark, that Orosius speaks only of some *cases* which he saw in the temples, and not of the library of the Ptolemies, which was deposited in the Serapion. Recollecting also the troubles and the constant wars, of which Egypt was the theatre, from the time of the first Roman emperors, we must be astonished, that there remained any traces of the library in posterior times. Under Commodus the temple of Serapis suffered much by a fire, but without being totally destroyed, when the library must of course have been much injured. We also know the devastations, which the malicious genius of Caracalla made in Alexandria. The *Musæum* was demolished. Under Aurelian the whole of the Bruchion was destroyed. This emperor took the city and delivered it to the plunder of his soldiers.

Theodosius the Great, at last, stimulated by the exhortations of the bishop of Theophilus, reduced to ashes in the year 391 the Serapis. It is very certain, that all the buildings attached to the temple were at this time a prey to the flames. The destruction of the library must then be imputed to the christians; and we can hardly doubt, that the blind zeal of the early ages induced men, little enlightened, to destroy books and monuments which they thought might perpetuate or remind them of the worship of idols. If, after this, any portion of the library remained, it is probable that the second Theodosius, as fond of books as Ptolemy, might have appropriated them to his own use. If after this any thing had remained at Alexandria, what must have become of it during the wars which took place in its walls between Cyrillus and Orestes; and during the commotions which agitated it under the emperour Marcian? It is very probable, that there were then very considerable drafts upon it. The monks transferred many volumes to their monasteries; the emperours of the east to Constantinople, and to other cities, where they established schools. There is then no doubt that, towards the commencement of the ninth century, a large quantity of ancient books was found dispersed throughout Egypt. Leo Africanus relates, that the caliph Mamou sent into Syria, Armenia, and Egypt many persons with a commission to collect and purchase ancient books, and that they returned loaded with inestimable treasures.

Further let us recollect, that under Heraclius the Persians took

and pillaged Alexandria, which they abandoned a short time afterwards; then came the Arabs, who could not possibly discover there the library, unless it had been miraculously preserved, of which unhappily we have no record in the history of literature.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE. *No.* 2.

Naples...appearance of the streets, houses, and people...strada Toledo..., the villa...suburb of Kiaja.

Naples ranks as the third city in Europe in point of size; its population is said to amount to six hundred thousand, but more probably it contains less than two thirds that number. It stands at the extremity of its beautiful bay, and one side extends nearly to the base of mount Vesuvius. It is built at the feet and on the sides of several hills, the highest of which rises about midway between each extremity, and is crowned by the castle of St. Elmo. As the area on which the city is constructed is not very extensive, the houses rise to the height of seven and eight stories, and are many of them very large and magnificent.

The streets are remarkably clean, having a descent from the hills into the bay, into which the rain washes all the dirt. The pavement of them is the finest in the world. It is hewed from the lava in square pieces of equal size, and is laid in mortar; there is no sideways, but the whole street is even as a floor. This mode of paving is expensive at the moment, but is very durable, as there are very few carts or heavy vehicles in the city.

The strada Toledo may vie with any street in Europe. It is nearly a mile in length and terminates at one end in the Largo del Palazzo, where the royal palace is situated, and in the other in the place of the Spirito Santo, in which there is a colossal equestrian statue. The street contains several superb palaces of the nobility. I reside with a friend who has a noble apartment in a palace on this street, from the balconies of which I take great pleasure in regarding the crowds with which it is thronged. The carriages are very numerous and driven with a velocity, which seemed to me dangerous and unfeeling to the crowd on foot; though I am told, and believe it to be true, that, as the people are aware of this, they take care to get out of the way, and, if they drove slower, the obstruction would be so great that they would never get along. The population of this city is a motley mixture, composed principally of beggars, monks, and soldiers. The dresses are of all forms and colours, and have many of them a whimsical look. This fine street is disgraced in some places by being made a market place, and the stalls obstruct the sides of the way.

Some of the houses are built of lava entirely, others have only the foundations of lava and the walls constructed with fragments of softer stone, and stuccoed; they have, all of them, stone staircases. The floors of the rooms, even of the bedchambers, are laid with tiles or bricks. Each story is inhabited by a separate family, and

the staircase is as common as the street, but not always so clean. The windows open down to the floor, and are furnished with balconies.

The strada Kiaja is the shortest communication between the suburbs of that name and the city. This street was formerly obstructed by a high hill, which one of their sovereigns cut through ; but, in order to preserve the connection between the two parts of the city built on the hill, an arch was thrown across from one side to the other, over which the street passes forty feet above the pavement of the strada Kiaja, which terminates at the villa. This is a publick walk upon the borders of the bay. It is decorated with some fountains and statues ; among others the celebrated Farnese Bull. The group of figures which surround it are principally modern, though admirably executed. Below the villa is the suburb of Kiaja, principally inhabited by fishermen. The fashionable ride for carriages in the evening is called the *Corso*, and extends from the villa down to Pausilino. It is more than a mile, and the road lays all along the edge of the bay. Towards the evening it is much crowded with carriages, that drive backwards and forwards for an hour or two, and enjoy the freshness of the evening. Some of the equipages are brilliant, and the ladies are fond of shewing themselves and criticising each other's dress and appearance. Nothing can be more delicious than this ride on the borders of the bay. In our country we should not think of taking an excursion for pleasure in an evening in the month of March ; but here nankin clothes may be worn all winter, and the want of fire is seldom felt.

The streets are not lighted ; a few solitary lamps only are seen hanging before the picture of the virgin. The footmen behind the carriages carry torches, and people in the street are generally preceded by a servant with a torch. During the early part of the evening the number of these torches illuminates the streets sufficiently, and have a brilliant appearance, though the soot and smoke of them are very inconvenient. They are obliged to extinguish them before they pass the palace, on account of the cannon which are kept loaded before it.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SILVA. *No.* 12.

Spargit agreſtes tibi Silva frondes.—HORACE.

GRAY.

GRAY has had his full share of reputation, as a poet. Mason says, that he was one of the most learned men in Europe, and was skilled in all arts and sciences ; this Johnson hoped was true, but seems to intimate his doubts. Johnson is supposed to have had great prejudices against Gray ; I know not, that the supposition is well founded, for Johnson highly compliments his Letters and his Elegy ; but, because he thought "the Bard" ridiculous, forsooth, he is prejudiced. Warburton, Walpole, Gibbon, and Smith have praised him, and perhaps justly ; but Gray's admirers are not contented with the high applause, lavished on his name ; they demand for their favourite universal acclamation, as if

he had more tenderness than Ovid, more martial pomp than Pindar. I have good reason to think, that in his Elegy and his Bard he has been very much indebted to the Italian poets, particularly to Celio Magno and Petrarch. This subject I mean not now to investigate, for I have not leisure ; and perhaps I might not flash conviction on the idolaters of this poet. Some of my friends, whose taste in general I love, think differently from me ; but I candidly confess, I think the severities of Johnson on Gray more justifiable, than the encomiastick adulations of Wakefield.

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THE PLANE TREE.

THE *platanus* of the Romans should be called " the old batchelor," for it never united its branches with the tendrils of the vine. Horace calls it " *cælebs*," and Martial " *vidua*," for the grape vines were never married to the plane tree, as to the elm and others. Old batchelors also love to drink much wine ; they grow fat from the juice of the grape, and delight in constant potations. So the plane tree was nourished by wine, as we learn from Pliny, " compertum id maximè prodesse radicibus ; docuimusque etiam arbores vina potare ;" " it was found to be very nutritious to the roots of the plane tree ; and thus we have taught even trees to drink wine." Macrobius and Valerius Maximus attest the same fact. An old batchelor is a mere plane tree.

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GOLDSMITH.

WHO shall be compared to Goldsmith ? His verse is softer to the ear, than the pearl of the sea to the nerve of vision. When I am tired with other reading, its influence is gentle, like the silent approaches of rain in the drought of summer. It flows as the village brook, which gives a pleasant sound, and makes the fields green and fruitful. I read him with more pleasure than Pope, for I believe he has more exquisite sentiment ; more of pure morals ; and more of that nature, which bursts out in Thomson, which finds a ready entrance to every heart, that is not corrupted by folly, or rendered callous by a city life. He has written little poetry, yet that little is like beads, strung in holy rosaries, or the continuous vibrations of the harp at midnight. All is musical and material in Goldsmith's verses. If you take away any thing, you injure the whole, for the little palace in fairy land was made of precious stones, and the dwarf jewel in the corner was as necessary, as the queen diamond, shining in the centre. Goldsmith's histories are not excellent. They were written for booksellers or bread, and therefore composed in a hurry, without reflection or labour of research. His " Vicar of Wakefield" is well known, and his " Citizen of the World" I read with more delight, than the " Persian letters" of Montesquieu. I am afraid that his volume of Essays is little read ; but they contain a full harvest of sense in a style, simple and easy, without Swift's nudity of figure, and without Hawkesworth's ornamental decoration.

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NATURE IN WINTER.

How inexhaustible is nature, how creative of pleasure ! That man is not ethereal, who can look abroad on the world without emotion, and then retires into the little chamber of his soul, indifferent and careless of what is without. In the winter I cannot loiter in pine

woods, or climb the nut-trees as in autumn, yet I love to look on the elm in a clear and cold morning, when the boughs and branches are hung with ice diamonds, which the sun makes most curious and beautiful. Even the little snow-bird twitters a short note, which I like; and the note is much louder, when he pecks the spider from under the eaves of the wood-house, where he was sleeping and dreaming of the flies he had caught in the past summer. I am not exclusively attached to books or to nature; for how melancholy should I have often been, if I could not philosophize with Tully on the vanity of life, or soar to heaven, in rapt imagination, with Milton. But I should be a brute if I saw the slanting sun in winter, and did not admire the steadiness of his course, though his warmth was feeble, and his dominion transitory. Even in this northerly month of February, I remarked that the currant bushes were a little green in the buds, & I picked a small flower, purple and white, from a bed of strawberry vines, where the earth was warm and full of coming fruitfulness. All have their reveries. I shelter myself with Thomson and his robin, with Cowper and his minnows, and with Burns and the family bible.

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SWIFT.

THE great excellence of Swift is his manly thinking. His style has no ornament, but is close, correct, and terse. He did not care for figures to decorate superficial thoughts; he well knew that his deep sense in pure, easy terms would engage the head and heart of every thinking reader. He is a plain gentleman, who tells honestly what he believes, and his belief was solid and rational. From Bolingbroke he acquired no splendour of declamation in prose, for he probably despised it; from Pope he did not learn to love imagery and sentiment in poetry, because perhaps he thought he might not equal his friend, or because his mind delighted in reflection, more than in fancy. He resembled Arbuthnot in wit and sense, yet Arbuthnot's works do not please like the writings of Swift. Johnson has praised Arbuthnot, but it is now difficult to discover the reasons of the elogy. The rhymes of Swift have been often praised, but never beyond their real merit. There is no laborious search for correspondent words; no alteration of sense for the convenience of the term; but all the rhymes are musical, and the sense of the whole poem is connected by the perfect regularity of the individual parts. If Pope and Goldsmith are studied for harmony of rhyme, Swift should be added, and so create a triumvirate.

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WARBURTON AND DRAYTON.

WARBURTON speaks of "one Michael Drayton." A giant may mention a dwarf with contempt, and a lion may despise a contest with a kid; but it did not become even the hierophant of England to allude obscurely to the author of "Polyolbion" and "the Barons' wars." Drayton has all the quaintness of Spenser. He had an eye, that looked carefully and curiously on nature, and a mind, that did not despise learning. His fancy was creative and peculiar, of which his description of the bosom of a fair lady is an eminent example. Warburton himself had a towering imagination; a haughtiness of character, looking high, and carrying proclamation of importance. He marched in his episcopal robes,

like a consul in the garments of triumph; and his demeanour gave evidence of an uncontroled spirit, originating in the conscibusness of unlimited erudition, and of a high place in the august temple of English hierarchy. But Drayton, though not a leviathan in literature, was a charming poet in the natural age of English verse, when Chaucer was read; when Spenser was honoured; when Shakespeare lived; and when Sidney played at tournament and told the tales of Arcadia. Burton has highly praised him, and the learned Selden has written notes on the Polyolbion. I am afraid, that we do not ponder enough on the poetick pages of English bards, who wrote curiously, but most pleasantly, when England was young in letters. We do not drink at the fountain, where the water is purest; we do not climb to the top of the tree, where the fruit is the fairest; we do not ascend to the summit of the hill, where the prospect is widest and the air most sweet; but our indolence makes us grovel below; we gather a few fruits, which are shrivelled; and we suck in tainted water, which had corrupted in its course, and gives no nourishment.

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SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE.

ONE Gastrell cut down the mulberry tree, which Shakespeare planted in his own garden at Stratford. This was profanation indeed. The legends of the Catholick church tell wonderful stories about bits of the coffin of Joseph of Arimathea, and the house of the Virgin Mary at Loretta. What miracles might not the chips of the mulberry tree have performed on the devout minds of the worshippers of Shakespeare! Such is the power of association, that, in very flexible fancies, we may easily believe, that the most beautiful thoughts would have been produced on so enthnsiastick a subject. We might have had from bards of purity and poetry odes equal to "the dove" of Anacreon, and sonnets superiour to "the laurel" of Petrarch. Gastrell will hereafter receive no mercy from the lovers of Shakespeare, and he will and ought to be a mark for the archers, a fit subject for the keenest shafts of the satyrist. The classical traveller visits the Tusculan villa of Cicero, and no longer finds a record or tradition of the spreading plane tree, in the cool shade of which Crassus and Antonius discoursed "de oratore." In like manner, when the pilgrim and poet, after a revolution of more than eighteen hundred years, shall inquire for the garden of Shakespeare, though he will find no vestige and hear no curious tale of the mulberry tree, yet his righteous indignation will rejoice at the reflection, that perpetual shame rests on the name of Gastrell, who unfeelingly destroyed in full luxuriance the hallowed object of Shakespeare's cultivation. No peace shall rest on his tomb. No one shall boast a lineage from the Goth. Whenever, in coming years, the jubilee of Shakespeare shall be kept with pageantry and pomp, with revelry and song on the banks of the Avon, the names of those, who love the poet, shall be received with welcome and greeting, but no blessing of pleasant remembrance shall descend on the memory of Gastrell, and his name shall not mar the feast-time and merry holiday of poetry and her worshippers.

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LOVE AND CHIVALRY.

I NEVER believed in the existence of a golden age, when shepherds piped under trees, and when

love was as pure as the water of the brook ; but I have sometimes imagined, in the reverie of romance, that I should like to have lived in the feudal ages, " when all the men were brave, and all the women were chaste." The times of Arthur and the knights, of Charlemagne and the peers, of the VirginQueen, with her flower of chivalry, have delighted my mind, and entranced my imagination. Love and courage then gave kisses of union, and every baron of virtue might then fight for a lady of love. Escutcheons, blazoned with the heraldry of honour and purity, and on the same brass-glittering shield were seen, and in curious courtesy, doves, the emblems of love, and lions, the pictures of bravery. The virgins of the imperial court were noble in lineage, renowned for their beauty, and beyond the praise of poetry for their virtue. The gallant knights and proud nobility were famous for their deeds of conquest in defence of honour and the ladies. In the time of chivalry, purity was the glory of the women, and beauty was the sister of purity. Then was the period of real love, then there was a true language to tell the conceptions of congenial souls ; but gentlemen and peers exist no longer, and where are the damsels of the castle, where are the fair ladies of the court ? In the room of chivalry, there is interestedness, there is falsehood, baseness, infamy. When a man now talks love to a girl, he is thinking of her land and her gold ; he now seeks to grasp her wealth, or gratify his lust. But the men are not solely to blame. The women are not pure ; they are not lovely ; they have affectation of sentiment, and they have falseness of heart. It is a miserable age, when contracts of marriage are deeds of bargain and sale ; when love is prostituted to venality ; when the awful obligations of the matrimonial rite, mutually given and received in the presence of a christian minister and assembly, are nothing but legalizations of wrong and indentures of infamy. Oh, it is a miserable age. There was a time, when the armour of a hero was the record of his greatness, and the pledge of his success in gaining the hallowed heart of the baron's daughter. If the helmet waved with the white feather of conquest and constancy ; if the shield was sculptured by the order of the sovereign with the atchievements of honourable war, the knight never sued in vain ; if the heart of the female did not acknowledge another knight, not brighter in arms, not purer in affection, but a more legitimate lover, because fortunately he was first. This was noble, high minded, and full of generosity. But in these degenerated days of miserable pelf, men and women change their minds about love and marriage, as about houses and carriages. The first never buy a wife, and the second never entrap a husband, till wealth is accumulated into coffers, or till lust riots within, and calls aloud for revelry. I am not melancholy or mad. I look on the world with pleasure, and on my past days with joyfulness, but I cannot cry huzza to a state of society, where wealth in matrimony is the first, and the second, and the third requisite. When a man "*has made a good match*," he is to be pitied, for his years will be miserable ; when a girl is "*well settled*," she is doomed to sorrow, for her heart knows no companion. Oh, that the days are gone, which were hallowed by the purity of the virgins of Lowerstein, and brightened with the glory of the barons of Hohenzollern.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

PARALLEL BETWEEN COWPER AND BURNS.

[From the Censura Literaria for November, 1805.]

THE genius of Burns was more sublime, than that of Cowper. Both excelled in the familiar: but yet the latter was by nature as well as education more gentle, more easy, and delicate: he had also more of tenuity, while Burns was more concise, more bold, and energetick. They both also abounded in humour, which possessed the same characteristicks in each; one mild, serene, and smiling; the other daring and powerful, full of fire and imagery. The poems of one fill the heart and the fancy with the soft pleasures of domestick privacy, with the calm and innocent occupations of rural solitude, the pensive musings of the moralist, and the chastised indignation of pure and simple virtue: the poems of the other breathe by turns Grief, Love, Joy, Melancholy, Despair, and Terrour; plunge us in the vortex of passion, and hurry us away on the wings of unrestrained and undirected fancy.

Cowper could paint the scenery of Nature and the simple emotions of the heart with exquisite simplicity and truth. Burns could array the morning, the noon, and the evening in new colours; could add new graces to female beauty, and new tenderness to the voice of love. In every situation in which he was placed, his mind seized upon the most striking circumstances, and combining them anew, and dressing them with all the fairy trappings of his imagination, he produced visions, such as none but "poets dream." Wherever he went, in whatever he was employed, he saw every thing with a poet's eye, and cloathed it with a poet's tints.

The hearts and tempers of these bards seem to have been cast in moulds equally distinct: while Cowper shrunk from difficulties and was palsied with dangers, we can conceive Burns at times riding with delight in the whirlwind, performing prodigies of heroism, and foremost in the career of a glorious death. We can almost suppose in his athletick form and daring countenance, had he lived in times of barbarism, and been tempted by hard necessity to forego his principles, such an one as we behold at the head of a banditti in the savage scenery of Salvator Rosa, gilding the crimes of violence and depredation by acts of valour and generosity! In Cowper, on the contrary, we view a man only fitted for the most refined state of society, and for the bowers of peace and security.

There is a relative claim to superiority on the side of Burns, on which I cannot lay so much stress as many are inclined to do. I mean his want of education, while the other enjoyed all the discipline and all the advantages of a great publick school. If the addiction to the Muses, and the attainment of poetical excellence were nothing more than an accidental application of general talents to a particular species of intellectual occupation, how happens it that among the vast numbers educated at Westminster, or Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow, among whom there must be very many of very high natural endowments, and

where day after day, and year after year, they are habituated to poetical composition by every artifice of emulation, and every advantage of precept and example, so few should attain the rank of genuine poets, while Burns in a claybuilt hovel, amid the labours of the plough and the flail, under the anxiety of procuring his daily bread, with little instruction and few books, and surrounded only by the humblest society, felt an irresistible impulse to poetry, which surmounted every obstacle, and reached a felicity of expression, a force of sentiment, and a richness of imagery scarce ever rivalled by an union of ability, education, practice, and laborious effort ? Thinking therefore that poetical talent is a bent impressed by the hand of Nature, I cannot give the greatest weight to subsequent artificial circumstances ; but yet I must admit that in the case of Burns they were so unfavourable, that no common natural genius could have overcome them.

On the contrary, there were some points in the history of Burns more propitious to the bolder features of poetry, than in that of Cowper. He wrote in the season of youth, when all the passions were at their height ; his life was less uniform, and his station was more likely to encourage energy and enthusiasm, than the more polished and more insipid ranks, to which the other belonged. In the circles of fashion, fire and impetuosity are deemed vulgar ; and with the roughnesses of the human character all its force is too often smoothed away. An early intercourse with the upper *mobility* is too apt to damp all the generous emotions, and make one ashamed of romantick hopes and sublime conceptions. From blights of this kind the early situation of Burns protected him. The heaths and mountains of Scotland, among which he lived, braced his nerves with vigour, and cherished the bold and striking colours of his mind.

But it seems to me vain and idle to speculate upon education and outward circumstances, as the causes or promoters of poetical genius. It is the inspiring breath of Nature alone, which gives the powers of the genuine bard, and creates a ruling propensity, and a peculiar cast of character, which will rise above every impediment, but can be substituted by neither art nor labour. To write mellifluous verses in language, which may seem to the eye and the ear adorned with both imagery and elegance, may be a faculty neither unattainable, nor even uncommon. But to give that soul, that predominance of thought, that illuminated tone of a living spirit, which spring in so inexplicable a manner from the chords of the real lyre, is beyond the reach of mere human arrangement, without the innate and very rare gift of the Muse. That gift has regard neither to rank, station, nor riches. It shone over the cradles of Surry, and Buckhurst, amid the splendour of palaces, and the lustre of coronets ; it shone over those of Milton, and Cowley, and Dryden, and Gray, and Collins, amid scenes of frugal and unostentatious competence and mediocrity ; it shone over that of Burns, in the thatched hovel, the chill abode of comfortless penury and humble labour.

If there be any who doubt whether, in the exercise of this gift, Burns contributed to his own happiness, let them hear the testimony of himself. " Poesy," says

he to Dr. Moore, " was still a darling walk for my mind ; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen, or more pieces on hand ; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme, and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet !" In truth, without regard to happiness, or misery, the impulse of the true poet towards his occupation is generally irresistible, even to the neglect of all, to which prudence and self-interest imperiously dictate his attention. Thus placed in the conflict of opposite attractions, he too often falls a victim to the compunctions of mental regret, and the actual stripes of worldly adversity. But the die is cast ; even the misery, which is endured in such a cause, is dear to him ; and the hope that his memory will live, and the pictures of his mind be cherished when his bones are mouldering in the dust, is a counterpoise to more than ordinary sufferings !

I do not mean to encourage the idea, that the imprudences, and much less the immoralities, of Burns, were absolutely inseparable from the brilliance of his talents, or the sensibilities of his heart. I am not justifying, I only attempt to plead for them, in mitigation of the harsh and narrow censures of malignity and envy. I call on those of dull heads and sour tempers to judge with candour and mercy, to respect human frailties, more especially when redeemed by accompanying virtues, and to enter not into the garden of Fancy with implements too coarse, lest in the attempt to destroy the weeds, they pluck up also all the flowers.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE REMARKER. *No.* 6.

Tantaène animis cælestibus iræ ? VIRGIL.
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show ? DRYDEN.

ONE might imagine, that the unavoidable calamities of life would sufficiently exercise our philosophy, without unnecessarily adventuring into experiments of patience ; that mankind would prefer the improvement of their pleasures to the advancement of their pains ; that there would be more pupils of the garden of Epicurus, than disciples of the tub of Diogenes. But hourly experience confirms the uncertainty of calculations in morals ; and though the politician may prophecy from incidents the motion of empires, and the astronomer determine by phenomena the visitations of comets, there are no diviners in ethicks, that can prognosticate the inclinations of the soul. Tempers, touched by the same spark, explode into a variety of directions, and you may as readily assign a pathway to the hurricane in the wilderness, as regulate the consequences resulting from a principle.

Since the apostacy of our parents, and the entailment of their punishment, it has been the business of the theologian and moralist to alleviate the severities of our allotment. Precepts have accordingly been poured forth on the conduct of life, till their sources are dry, and the efforts of the mod-

ern essayist unavoidably restricted to a mere repetition of the sentiments of the dead. By what proselytes the instructers of antiquity were followed, or how extensively their humbler representatives are regarded, it would deservedly occasion the community a blush to relate. That so much labour has been employed, and so little achieved, will be a circumstance of humiliation to the vanity of undertaking; and the calculating portion of mankind, after an intimacy with society, will rather accept a professorship for the regulation of the winds, than fatigue their constitutions with lecturing the insane.

To those unread in the weaknesses of human nature, these sentiments may appear the offspring of misanthropy; too prematurely delivered to be correct, and too distorted to pretend, in any degree, to a relationship with truth. That any should prefer uproar to rule, quarrel to quiet, anxiety to ease, supposes an eccentricity in choice, too unnatural for belief. Admitting, as moralists have degradingly asserted, that selfishness is the principle of action; few, among the provident, would sacrifice their comfort for the limited satisfaction of disturbing their neighbours, or the whimsical diversion of appearing disagreeable. Were the feelings of an individual illustrative of the whole, I could conscientiously cite myself on the occasion, as an authority in point; for, so wedded am I to conveniency, that I never draw on my boots after dinner, or stoop down to buckle my shoe, but I reflect, that I am abridging the amount of my days. Quietude is the essence of being; and he is poor in the good things of this world, who has never rested his legs against the jambs of the fireplace, or wiped his forehead in the shade, after the fatigues of a promenade. The period of modern existence is contracted to threescore and ten, and they, who imbitter the trifle, are equally cruel and mad. Yet, on this theme, the voice of fact is as melancholy as decisive, and it will be discovered, that the Remarker, far from aggravating the disagreeable, has rather qualified the harsh. There are some spirits that appear to agree in nothing but to disagree, and the moment you fall within their influence, you must be possessed of the equanimity of Democritus not to be disturbed in the economy of your temper. They seem, as it were, born beneath a tempestuous quarter of the moon, when the maligner aspects of the firmament were ascendant, and, like the distempered period of their nativity, to be propitious to commotion and portentous of ill. The more you sacrifice to their arrogance, the more their perverseness increases, and not to struggle with the stream is to be buried in the foulness of its bottom. No sense of propriety, no feeling for delicacy, no observance of custom ever characterizes their carriage. The polish of etiquette, the gentleness of modesty, the sweetness of affability, with all the tender courtesies of intercourse, are wasted on them, like the refinements of the Houyhnhnms on the coarseness of the Yahoos.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

They remind you of those quadrupeds, that are too desperate to be domesticated, too wild for an interchange of reliance, that are turned forth to howl and to depredate in the shadow of the wilderness. In truth, though the persuasion may seem fanciful, they further appear peculiarly illustrative of the doctrine of transmigra-

tion, and many, less credulous than Jenyns, might be readily persuaded, that some, that now travel to and fro on *two legs*, seeking whom they may annoy, were, in aforetime, assisted on similar excursions, by the accommodating number and celerity of *four*. I remember not, whether the system of transformation of beings supposes the passage of higher natures into lower, or lower into higher, or both ; but that the personages in question are rapidly accomplishing themselves for that which is here conceived their primitive condition, none will deny, and none will regret. Violent visitations become tolerable from the probability of their shortness, and these antidotes to enjoyment are only endured, for the present, thro' the soothing expectation of their returning to their origin.

Such are the wayward spirits that rejoice in disturbance ; whose home, like the Sisterhood's of the Heath, is in the tempests they engender. But every principal has its subordinate, and, though we have exposed the leaders of the mischief, their accessaries remain to be noticed. That delicacy, which excuses petty offences, is unworthy the fidelity of the moralist ; for great vices originate from trivial misdemeanours, and the calm of society may be ruffled by a whisper. Connected with the characters described, there are secondary malcontents, who, wanting the courage for open attack, gratify their malignity by sly innuendo and faint givings-out. They are remarkably skilful at a sneer, and can satirize with a compliment. They never smile but they wound, and never wound but they smile. The import of their speech is a sarcasm, and the expression of their countenances a bitter. There is something in the atmosphere of these beings more disconsolate than winter, and as you approximate the chilness of their latitudes, you perceive your mercury subsiding to the point of congelation. In their presence, the stream of conversation stiffens as it flows, and the reluctant observation is chilled in the delivery. Should circumstances deny them an opportunity to annoy you, they sit folded in an angle, hatching the solitary egg of ill-nature ; perfecting mischief in embryo for the occasions of spleen. They listen to falsehood, and lay in wait to gather scandal ; they delight in the narrative of disappointments, and are chagrined at the report of success. Suspicious of the narrowness of their capacities, the perfection of another cometh home like a censure ; and the more perfect the character exhibited, the more radical their hate. Were they endued with resolution to execute what their malignancy concerts, their station would be paramount on the file of vexations ; but to torture the malevolent with the mortifications of impotence is the agency of providence for the security of the virtuous. They accordingly contrive snares, that they want courage to spread ; they construct engines for disturbance, that they fear to discharge,

> "And live" like "cowards" in their "own esteem,
> Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
> Like the poor cat i' the adage."

These constitute the secondary denomination of malcontents ; beings, less destructive in their tendency than their principals, but equally distorted in disposition and grain. If, by the moral code, the projection of an injury be alike culpable with the performance, they incur the consequences of a crime, without the pleasure of committing it. They sow seed, whose only produce is disappointment and shame. They fill their bosoms with bitterness, and waste themselves with cursing in pri-

vate. In the bustle, attending the achievement of vicious designs, the accusations of conscience may, for a season, be suspended ; but to support a sedentary existence of low machination and impotent desire ; to wear away in the cool lucubration of iniquity and spite, is to experience the labour of Sisyphus, and endure the scourge of the Furies. By what motives such dispositions are actuated, it would puzzle the perspicacity of a Hindoo to discover. It is said, that the pain of excessive pleasure is delicious, but the pleasure of excessive pain is a paradox.

The subject matter of *Remarker Sixth* was the product of accident, rather than research. By this confession it is not the intention of the writer to apologize for its treatment, but to introduce the incident that awakened his reflections. That which is casually acquired may be leisurely revolved, and many examples, more pat than the present, might be exhibited of the felicities of chance. There are trains of reflection extending through every intelligence, and when a spark is imparted they hurry to explosion. The incident alluded to may be understood from what follows.

Several evenings ago I received a note from Mrs. Equinox, and my yesterday was devoted to meeting her wishes. Many months had elapsed, since I last darkened her doors, and many years, perhaps, may revolve ere I repeat my respects. As we had heretofore parted without a tear, we again even encountered without a smile. To me the coalition was as memorable as an eclipse, and the gloom that attended it not dissimilar to that of the phenomenon. There are people, who arrive and depart without exciting a reflection ; there are some, whom we gaze after from the window, till they fade into nothing ; there are others too, that we escort to the threshold with a sensation of relief. To which description of visitors Mrs. Equinox considered me as pertaining, I have not the curiosity to inquire ; the opinions of the disagreeable are generally less distressing, than their presence. But, such is my regard for the lady, if accident conducts her to my door, I shall feel little compunction in securing its bolts.

It is thought, that no character is sufficiently corrupt to be devoid of a virtue ; that some truth may reside even in the midst of depravity. In support of the sentiment I can quote the lady in question, for, to do justice to impudence, she is above deception. No cover is employed to secrete her deformities, no polish attempted to soften her rudeness ; she is equally negligent of appearances or arts, and commits outrages on society without apology or shame. If there is any pleasure in exciting alarm, she is rarely destitute, too, of amusement ; for every one, who ventures within her influence, is generally afflicted with an ague. Terror is considered, I believe, as a part of the *sublime*, and, as it is proper to feel what we mean to impress, I would recommend Mrs. Equinox to the cultivators of rhetorick. If, after a lecture or so from her ladyship, any one should be deficient in representing the *grand*, he may be a much better member of society, but is unquestionably no poet. I have, myself, for some time had a tragedy upon the stocks, which, owing to the incompleteness of its infernal machinery, I have hitherto delayed presenting the publick ; but, since the visit aforenamed, I feel so adequate to every thing tremendous, that I now calculate on a representation in the course of the season. The act concluding with a *concert of furies*, which retarded at first the progress of my

muse, will infallibly command the applause of the house; for the principal infernal of the dramatis personæ is immediately taken from my ferocious entertainer. If the performers are not remiss in conceiving their author, my *number of nights* is as certain as day. One character, well defined, has supported a play, and I challenge all the *fallen* to parallel mine.

The countenance is considered by some as a preface to the character. How far the *doctrine of features* is fallacious or firm, the inquisitive or idle may decide for themselves; neither capacity, nor leisure, promote my remarks. However, as many of my readers are perhaps students of the *exteriour*, a rough sketch of the lady's physiognomy may be somewhat appropriate, though ever so imperfect. Attend, then, and tremble!

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit;
Incipiam.

Between two opticks, more fiery than intelligent, imagine a thin partition of nostril, more censorious than wise; to a mouth, rather extravagant than liberal, an expression more ferocious than brave; to an elevated forehead, more wrinkles than imagination; to an acuminated chin, more severity than decision; imagine features to frighten children from their playthings, or convert dairies to curdle; imagine that which you wish least to behold, and her portraiture is yours. But the history of her deformities concludes not with her countenance. Nature, in every passage of its performance, is incomparably uniform; and her ladyship is as unique in ugliness, as the Graces in beauty. To extend then this *head-size* to a *full-length*; conceive of a figure, nearly five feet eleven, skinny, faded, and coarse, angular in its outline as a diagram in trigonometry, and as uncomfortable to contact as the edges of a bureau; conceive of something between a woman and a man, with the roughness of the one and the sex of the other; a being whom the women must disown and the men disavow; and, should you still fail of her likeness, call up, to assist your conception, the weird sisters of Shakespeare; for, like them, she is indebted to a petticoat for the testimony of her sex. In fine, imagine a woman, every property of whose nature is at enmity with love, who, in a scarcity of her kind, would be the most puzzled for a partner, and, though you believe me romancing, you will possess Mrs. Equinox to the nicety of a fraction.

Thus much for the disposition and appearance of this uncomfortable lady, my interview with whom remains to be decribed. To discuss the enormities of society is the office of the essayist, in the performance of which, accommodation is delinquency. To employ lenitives as a recipe for abuse, or to solicit violence by entreaty, is like indulging a diseased man to facilitate his cure. Should the Remarker be considered therefore as too profuse of his caustick, let the tender-hearted be instructed, that more are injured by forbearance than correction. This affecting to do something, and executing nothing, is relinquishing the rod to the children, and making a mockery of discipline. But to the lady.

On approaching the mansion of Mrs. Equinox, agreeably to her note and disagreeably to my wishes, I experienced a foreboding, resembling that of a truant returning to his tutor, and involuntarily performed several evolutions about

the premises, without arriving at her door. But, finally recollecting that there was no avoiding the visit, and feeling that the apprehension of difficulty was worse than the encounter, I sufficiently rallied my spirits to elevate the knocker. The noise of its fall was like the knell of my joys. The morning was cold and blue, and the winds sang mournfully in the key-hole. I felt as if attending, in the character of chief mourner, the funeral of the whole family of the *Agreeables*. Luckily, at my entrance, no one was in the parlour, and, remembering that genuine courage derived accessions from reason, I was beginning to argue myself into magnanimity, when Mrs. Equinox appeared. What before has been hinted of our meeting I will not enlarge upon; suffice it that we encountered without a smile, for we had parted without a tear.

To love or hate at first sight is accounted whimsical, yet much of a character may be gathered from a glance. Of the correctness of prepossession, I could produce Mrs. Equinox as an instance, for in a moment you are persuaded that she is possessed with a familiar. The composure of her first salutation resembles that tranquillity in the heavens, which is the precursor of a tempest, and you may read, even in her countenance at rest, the inclemency of her temperament. The day of my visit, unfortunately, was rather dirty under foot, and, forgetting in my agitation to make use of the scraper, I unwittingly traced the carpet with mud, from the entry to the fire-place. From ladies less punctilious in their household than my hostess, such a clownish manœuvre might have produced a reproof, and to one of her susceptibility the defacement of a *kidderminster* was ample matter for invective. Accordingly, with features divided between simpers and frowns, and tones set at variance by raillery and spite, concealing and betraying a desire of revenge, she immediately proceeded to open an attack. "You have been particularly unfortunate in selecting your road, sir, or the ways are much fouler than I was led to suppose. Why, you are lumbered with mud like a wheel from the mire, and your heels are as heavy as a ploughman's in spring. Here, Mary, Mary, for the love of neatness, come hither, or we shall be buried alive. The gentleman, I believe, imagines that we were created merely to rub and to clean. Here have I been *slaving* and driving to make things as they should be, and the first recompence of my industry is dirt and disgrace." Unluckily, the tongue of Mrs. Equinox being suspended in the middle, her vocal abilities were just double her neighbours, and, on occasions as interesting to hussies as the present, her utterance reminded you of the running down of a jack. Sensible that apologies would only aggravate her eloquence, I was silently about retiring to disencumber my boots, when my ears were accosted by the full pathos of her pipe. "For goodness-sake, stand still, sir, or return in your track; your shifting about only widens the grievance. Because the room is a dirt-heap, must you make it a kennel? I protest, such proceedings would put a saint out of patience. I will say, since the commencement of my housekeeping, I never witnessed the like, and, if this be the consequence of receiving a visit, I desire, for the future, to meet company abroad." Thankful that any track was yet favourable for re-

treat, I gladly proceeded in quest of the door, and, while busied in removing the cause of affront, very nearly concluded on effecting my escape. But it was written in my horoscope that the day should be foul, and I disconsolately returned to the scene of my sufferings.

The season, preceding the arrival of dinner, was principally devoted to peevishness and slander. The attendants either did what they should not, or did not what they should. One thing was badly executed, and another omitted. This servant was stupid, and that servant perverse. Every incident was productive of errour, and every errour of regret. Characters were pecked to pieces, like the jack-daw in Æsop, and reputations dispersed as lightly as feathers. It was hinted, that such a lady was addicted to cordials, and that hoops were in fashion with some folks for more reasons than one; that the complexion of the Miss Maythorns were purchased at the colourman's, and that the teeth of the Ivories never grew in their heads. But her strictures concluded not here. The whole line of my ancestry next passed in review. My great grandsires and grandams found little grace in her sight, and my uncles and aunts were disparaged by pairs. I was cautioned, from the fate of my parents, to learn wisdom in time, and instructed that the downfal of our house had proceeded from inattention and pride. Her method of determining the merits of characters was peremptory and expeditious; for she listened to no counsel for the accused, and her decisions were removed above the reach of amendment. Dinner, generally conducing to cheerfulness and content, I conceived that her ladyship might presently relapse, and that a little good-humour would yet lighten the scene. But the sequel of my visit brought nothing but gloom. The repast, instead of operating in the way of an emollient, only aggravated her disorder to a fiercer excess. Every thing again, as before, supplied a cause for complaint, and I found, that it was equally as impracticable to stop her mouth with a feast, as to affect her obstinacy with an argument.

Thoroughly exhausted by this time with the entertainment I had witnessed, I anxiously awaited an opportunity to retire, and immediately upon the removal of the cloth and the circulation of the glass pretended an appointment and escaped the concern. As the dwelling of my entertainer retreated behind me, the countenances of objects regathered their smiles, and, comparing the scene I had left with the evening around me, I fervently reflected, that harmony was the worship of angels and discord the diversion of devils.

Such are the tempers that unnaturally contribute to the disaster of society; who tend at the sources of pleasure to make turbid their streams; and, not satisfied with sipping the cup of bitterness alone, infuse the draught of their neighbours with disappointment and dregs. But far from these and their influence be the fortunes of my friends; may their cups ever flow with the juice of Anacreon, and their brows ever beam with a wreath of his clusters.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

I present through you to the publick an essay, translated from the Decade Philosophique. The subject is interesting ; the original is elegant in composition, and the version is worthy of the original. These considerations should induce every one to devote an half hour to reading it slowly, and examining seriously the truth of its reflections. But if such reasons will not excite attention, particularly from your fair friends ; I may excite their curious diligence by hinting, naivement, that their sex is more interested in the pleasure they will receive, than perhaps they might otherwise imagine. As an honourable cavalier, however, secrecy is a knight's duty in matters of trust. Were I even authorized to tell all that I know, I would not, from motives of policy, make use of the extent of my powers ; and should I be continually importuned to make a full declaration, I shall speak darkly, as in a parable of the East, that when the nymphs of Hindostan were requested to adorn with the most beautiful shrubs the publick gardens in Delhi, one of the lovely virgins of the city, having done her part of the duty in the soft, early twilight, charged the birds of the morning not to carol the name of her, who had planted the wild rose from the woods of Arabia in the flower walk of Hafiz, the most beautiful quarter in the metropolis of India.

MISFORTUNES OF AN ILL-DIRECTED PASSION FOR LITERATURE.

AS I was strolling last summer in the valley on the north of Montmartre, I saw, under a cluster of elms, planted on the declivity of a hill, at the side of a fountain, a young man, whose melancholy and serious aspect announced an afflicted or jealous lover. He had a book, which he opened, shut, opened and shut again, alternately. Passing near enough to perceive that he was reading poetry, and, decyphering at the head of the page, *Narcissus*, I doubted not but this was the poem of the unfortunate Malfilâtre, and imagined, that the reader might well be a poet, who took a lesson from the work of a man with whom he appeared to sympathise in misery.

I left him and continued my ramble. An hour after, I passed by the same spot : the young man was no longer there ; but I perceived a paper in the place where I had met him. Let us see, said I to myself ; it is perhaps a love-letter from his mistress, or some effusion of his muse. It was neither, but a letter from a friend.

I read it ; it appeared to me less the work of a man of wit, which now might be neither extraordinary nor original, than of a man of sense, which is more rare and more useful. It contained wise counsels, applicable to many young men, who believe themselves capable of every thing, because they have their heads crammed with phrases ; and I believe I shall do them a service in publishing this letter, from which they may derive considerable advantage.

' I answer, my young misanthrope, to the epistolary declamation, which you have addressed to me against those who have not done justice to your love and your talents for the belles lettres. You call those people barbarians : they have said nothing but what is reasonable. I think I see your brow contract at these words ; but calm yourself and listen.

' If you were guided by the imperious genius, which estranged Malfilâtre and Gilbert from a useful and modest profession, and caused the first to die of hunger, and the second in a hospital, I should pity you for having been born under a star so inauspicious, and I should not attempt to oppose

an irresistible inclination, by counsels, of which I should feel the impotence ; but I think there is yet time to make you listen to reason.

'If any one knows you well, it is myself, who have been with you from early life. You have been occupied with useful studies, nature has endowed you with talents, you write poetry agreeably, your prose is easy, you have taste and learning, and your imagination is brilliant ; you are, at five and twenty, an interesting young man, and of distinguished merit. But permit me to say, that I see not in you the real essence of genius ; it is genius, however, that you flatter yourself you possess, and you mistake for it ebullition and transports of fancy.

'Bold ideas, which shed a brilliant light on a whole generation ; great conceptions, which command the admiration of contemporaries and of posterity ; creations, in short, of the beautiful and true, are not within your dominion ; you cultivate with success known plants, but you have never discovered new ones. You write, I allow it, an easy letter, a tender and amusing romance, an agreeable comedy, perhaps even some interesting scenes in a tragedy ; I grant you also the talent of embellishing an article of politicks or philosophy, and sometimes of interspersing it with strokes of vigorous eloquence ; but on nothing do you stamp that charm of novelty, or of profound learning, which gives interest to every writing, and arrests the attention and remembrance of readers. Writings of this kind are works of massy gold, and yours are only glittering tinsel.

'Your talents are of a nature to procure you the applause of brilliant companies and superficial societies ; but never will they give you a reputation, which is wafted beyond your country or the age in which you live. It is only for a reputation of this kind that one ought to devote himself exclusively to letters. Glory then takes the place of fortune. But to lose fortune, without acquiring glory, is too complete a deprivation. You run this risk, my dear friend, by your literary infatuation, which makes you regard simple and useful occupations with disdain and aversion.

'You are enraged against men in office, who have little confidence in the capacity of those who make a trade of authorship. You will not suffer the talents of a man of letters to be regarded as excluding those of a man of business. In your fury against such a heresy, you had nearly gone back to the deluge to seek facts which might refute it. You cite Moses, who made laws and canticles ; David, who knew how to reign and compose odes ; Solomon, who was the wisest of kings and the most wanton of poets ; Xenophon, Demosthenes, Cicero, Seneca, Machiavel, Bocace, Bacon, and in France de Thou, who drew up decrees and composed history ; Richlieu, who overthrew tyranny, cannonaded Rochelle, and wrote tragedies in secret ; Bemis, who was a minister and a love-sick poet ; Turgot, who abandoned the dryness of calculation for pretty verses ; Necker, who formed an alliance between eloquence and arithmetick ; Calonne, who wrote like a literary man, and governed like a statesman ; Mirabeau, who united in the highest degree the magick of oratory to the depth of political investigation.

'Do not these men, you exclaim, after this multitude of quotations;

do not these men directly confute those savages, who maintain the incompatibility between the cultivation of letters and the honourary professions in society? Do you believe, that a man, who can compose a book, cannot also write an official dispatch?

'Yes, my friend; Thomas, who was a writer of a certain rank, was unable, when he was secretary to M. de Praslin, to write a tolerable letter of business. There is some difference between an academy and a statesman's office. Academick speakers know not how to reason with simplicity; they make fine phrases, as a dancing master displays beautiful steps. Literature with men of business is an excellent accessory to the education, which is necessary for them; but it ought not to be the principal part of it. We ought to be able to express ourselves with elegance and purity; but we ought not to apply this talent to things of a frivolous or uninteresting nature. If, for example, you direct your abilities towards objects of positive and substantial utility; if, instead of inventing romantick scenes, and of abandoning yourself to metaphysical delusions, you seize hold of an abstruse question, and unfolding its difficulties you shew it in a clear point of view, which facilitates the decision of it, you will make a profitable use of your knowledge and your pen. Noisy acclamation will not strike your ear, but you will gain the approbation and esteem of men of sound understanding.

'These are the men, whose suffrage and support a young man ought to seek. I am not surprised at your distress, and the despair which results from it. To what end are your verses, your romances, your comedies, or your moral and philosophical essays? These are blossoms, which yield no fruit. It is wheat, that is most necessary for you. Cultivate it then in your ground.

'Employ your talents only for solid acquisitions; a field of corn is more valuable than a parterre. Determine upon a profession; it is by a profession that one takes his station in society. I would not wish you to make an absolute divorce from your Muse, but I advise you to treat her as a friend, whom one visits when he has nothing of more importance to do.

'A woman, who is amiable and artless, affectionate to her husband and children, is preferable to the nine nymphs of Parnassus. Endeavour to merit such a treasure; but, I repeat it, you will not obtain her unless you fix upon a profession. An unsettled man is a supernumerary in the world. A man of letters, who, with subordinate talents, seeks for glory, is a false Jason, who attempts with a wretched skiff the conquest of the golden fleece. He is a sleep-walker, who wanders in the region of dreams; rouse yourself, my friend, depart from this airy region, and enter into that of realities, where the man, who rears and supports a family, is considered of importance by his fellow creatures.'

I embrace you, L. F.

The lessons contained in this letter are not new, but it may not be amiss to repeat them. If they were observed, there would be fewer follies, and literature would number as her sons only those who are born to honour her. It would not be disgraced by those libellers of party, who, not being able to obtain a reputation by their own merit, endeavour to obtain it by attacking that of others. These weak and brittle minds imagine they lessen the admiration of contemporaries for this enlightened

age. Reason will always make their efforts prove abortive. Such attempts are hoar-frost, which falls on the roof of the pantheon and is dissipated by a single ray of the sun.

It is only idleness, and the want of a useful and laborious profession which places the pen in the hands of so many individuals, who are so little qualified to guide it. Hence they learn to be scribblers and fabricators of libels, as people without a trade and without a home become owners of false money and highway robbers. V.L.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SANS SOUCI.

Stealing and giving sweets. SHAKESP.

Augustus.

AUGUSTUS, who loved Virgil and Horace, used to place himself between the two poets at table. Virgil was asthmatick, and Horace had weak eyes. The emperour used to say, jestingly, "Ego sum inter suspiria et lacrymas;" I am between sighs and tears.

A blind man's idea of light.

M. Rohault wished to communicate the idea of light to a blind pupil; after a long and elaborate discourse, when he hoped he had in some measure succeeded, he was asked this question by the blind man, "Is not light made of the same materials as sugar?"

How to be happy.

How much it would conduce to our happiness to be select in our friends and books; to choose them both for their good sense and knowledge; to be contented with a small but certain income; to have no master and few servants; to be without ambition, envy, avarice, or a law-suit; to preserve our health by exercise, instead of medicine; to love and hate only on just grounds; and to enjoy life without effort.

Musicians.

Professed musicians are generally ignorant, imprudent, and foolish people away from their instruments; a musician, after a concert, should be treated like his instrument, put into a case and carried home.

Pedants.

"I hate," says Montaigne, "those scholars who can do nothing without their books." In fact, those men have no knowledge, but can tell you where some may be found. They serve as *indexes* to good authors. They will tell you, that in such a chapter of Cicero or Quintilian there is a good thought. Science is a sceptre in the hands of some men, and a bauble in those of others.

Philosophers and poets sport with the follies of mankind, tradesmen make an advantage of them, and players both sport with them and profit by them.

Folly.

Of all the definitions of folly, that given by M. Bailli has not the least merit. "Folly is the tyranny that visible objects exercise upon our imaginations."

Life.

The progress of it may be compared to a play. Act 1. State of innocence. Act 2. The passions. Act 3. Love of study. Act 4. Ambition. Act 5. Devotion and quiet.

Friendship of women.

Women are more constant in friendship than men, for these reasons: the temperament of women is more cold, and therefore less likely to change or fly off from an object, to which they are once attached. The same coolness of constitution renders them more subject to timidity; and so they adhere to objects of affection, because they are fearful of losing what they value.

Scaliger.

Scaliger used to say, that he could not comprehend the causes of three things; the interval of an ague, the motion of the sea, and the nature of his own memory.

Medici.

The family of the Medici, most probably, took their rise from some ancestor, who was an eminent *physician*, as they still bear in their arms the device of five pills.

Etymology of Decrepitude.

The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the terms "*senes decrepiti.*" A lamp, just about to expire, was said *decrepare*, to cease to crackle. Hence metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave were called decrepit men.

Solitude.

It is an observation of Seneca, that we should mix company and retirement, in order to make them both pleasant by change. The wish always to be alone shows the temper of a wild, ferocious animal, carries with it the dismal darkness of the tomb. The effect of such a disposition of mind is well described by an ancient phrase "cor suum edens," eating his own heart. Absolute singleness is the character of the Deity only; but man is too feeble and dependent to subsist by himself.

...

Swift was invited by a rich miser with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grace:

Thanks for this miracle!—this is no less,
Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,
And seen that wondrous thing a piece of beef.
Here chimneys smoke, that never smok'd before,
And we've all ate, where we shall eat no more.

...

Aristippus was very fond of magnificent entertainments, and loved a court life. Dionysius asked him, in a sarcastick manner, the reason, why philosophers were seen often at the gates of princes, but princes never at the doors of philosophers? "For the same reason," replied the philosopher, "that physicians are found at the doors of sick men, but sick men never at the doors of physicians."

...

Sonnet on a Sonnet, by Lopez de Vega.

Capricious—a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was put to't before—a sonnet!
Why fourteen verses must be spent upon it,
'Tis good however t'have conquer'd the first stave.

Yet shall I ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' th' midst o' the second,
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on th' hardest part, and laugh.

Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of the twice seven lines clean got o'er ten;
Courage! another'll finish the first triplet;
Thanks to the Muse, my work begins to shorten.
See thirteen lines got through, dribblet by dribblet;
'Tis done, count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen.

POETRY.

EXTRACT FROM SOUTHEY'S

MADOC.

...THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
For one day of existence more, and joy;
The solitary primrose, on the bank,
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the Rocks, and Shores
And everlasting Mountains, had put on
The smile of that glad sunshine, . . they partook
The universal blessing.

TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

By Gay.

SCEPTICKS (whose strength of argument
makes out,
That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions, rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Graccnus' goary shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
Straight they with smiles reply, Those tales of old
By visionary priests were made and told.
Oh, might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
Which with such idle legends scares the Muse;
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How heedless horses drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
The common spectres of each country-town.
No, I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
Yet, has not oft' the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murderer's steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divides
A traveller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gathering darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threatened shower;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heaven discharges all its watery stores.
The wandering traveller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slackened bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray beneath the trees;
Thither he speeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestick flame
That trembled thro' the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the mouldered ruin lies.
Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar;
How changed, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a publick inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands:
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
What, not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servants' right,
Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
Be brave, she cried, you still may be our guest;
Our haunted room was ever held the best:
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains, and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb;
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and shew the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolished wall;

She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs' ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrours went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood.
Then, silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then muttering hasty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
And cried aloud: Say, whence and who thou art?
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody mark retain.
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they sieze, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward,
Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest:
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And, when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led:
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they pass,
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass.
At length amidst a spacious field they came:
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame,
Amaz'd he stood, no bush or brier was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground.
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes: but, for a garter, finds a rope.

PAIRING-TIME ANTICIPATED.

A fable. By Cowper.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,*
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And ev'n the child, who knows no better,
Than to interpret by the letter,
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.
It chanc'd then, on a winter's day,
But warm and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestal sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter, and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publickly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind.
My friends! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet.
A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin pole,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied.
Methinks the gentleman, quoth she,
Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good will would keep us single,
Till yonder heav'n and earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befal)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?
Dick heard and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and sidling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well express'd,
Influenc'd mightily the rest,
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.
But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on men's affairs,
Not altogether smil'd on theirs.
The wind, of late breath'd gently forth,
Now shifted east and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow,
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled;
Soon ev'ry father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learn'd, in future, to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

Instruction.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

....

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For February, 1806.

Librum tuam legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.——Pliny.

ARTICLE 1.

Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Vol. I. 1785. 4*to. pp.* 568.

[Continued.]

V. Some select astronomical observations made at Chelsea, latitude 42° 25′, *and* 26″ *in time east of the university at Cambridge. By the Rev. Phillips Payson, F.A.A.*

The astronomical observations, here selected, are those of several emersions of Jupiter's first, second, and third satellites in 1779; three solar eclipses, namely, in June, 1778, October, 1780, and April, 1782; two lunar eclipses, namely, in May, 1779, and November, 1780; and the transit of Mercury in November, 1782.

VI. Observation of the transit of Mercury over the sun, Nov. 12, 1782, *at Ipswich. By the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, F.A.A.*

The going of the clock was carefully examined, and the times of all the contacts, except the first external, were determined.

VII. A memoir, containing observations of a solar eclipse, October, 27, 1780, *made at Beverly: Also of a lunar eclipse, March* 29, 1782; *of a solar eclipse, April* 12, *and of the transit of Mercury over the sun's disc, November* 12, *the same year, made at the president's house in Cambridge. By the Rev. Joseph Willard, president of the university.*

Beside his own observations the author of this memoir furnishes us with those of some other gentlemen, who accompanied him in attending to these phenomena. And having corresponding observations of the first of the said eclipses at Beverly, Chelsea, Penobscott-Bay, and Providence in the state of Rhode-Island, he subjoins their differences of longitude, which he had deduced, and consequently their longitudes from Cambridge, that of Chelsea relatively to Cambridge being known. Hence it appears, that the longitude of Beverly eastward from Cambridge is 1′ 11″ in time; that of Penobscott-Bay 9′ 15″; and that of Providence 1′ 7″ westward.

From the times of the contacts of Mercury at the said transit, president Willard, using Mayer's solar tables, and De La Lande's tables of Mercury, calculates the angle of Mercury's apparent way with the ecliptick, the time of the ecliptick conjunction, the errour of the tables in the latitude of Mercury at that time, which appears to be 5″.98 in defect. He also deduces the place of Mercury's ascending node, and calculates it from the tables; whence it appears, that the latter differs from the former 1′ 34″ in excess.

VIII. Observations of a solar eclipse, October 27, 1780, *made at St. John's Island, by Messrs. Clarke and Wright. In a letter from Mr. Joseph Peters to Caleb Gannett, A.M. Rec. Sec. Amer. Acad.*

These observations were made at a place called *Charlotte-town*, which, according to Mr. Wright's

determination, is situated in 46° 13′ of north latitude, and 62° 50′ of west longitude from Greenwich. In this account it is stated on the authority of a gentleman, belonging to Yarmouth-Jebouge-Harbour, on the western coast of Nova-Scotia, that this eclipse, which excited great attention in this part of the country, was total there for a moment.

IX. Observations of a solar eclipse, October 27, 1780, made at the university in Cambridge. Communicated by Caleb Gannett, A.M.

The observers of this eclipse at Cambridge were the Rev. Professor Wigglesworth, Mr. Gannett, and the Rev. John Mellen. They did not perceive the beginning of the eclipse, but noted very particularly the disappearance and reappearance of various spots, which were then visible on the sun, and the end of the eclipse. And these may be compared with other corresponding observations; some attention having been paid to the passage of the moon's limbs over solar spots by most of the astronomers, who observed the eclipse. The quantity of the eclipse they estimated at $11\frac{3}{5}$ digits.

X. An observation of a solar eclipse, October 27, 1780, at Providence. By Joseph Browne, Esq.

The beginning of the eclipse was not seen, but the times, when the moon's limb first touched certain solar spots, were ascertained, and that of the end was noted by three observers. By measure with a micrometer Mr. Brown determined the quantity of the eclipse to be about $11\frac{3}{10}$ digits.

XI. Observatians of the solar eclipse of the 27th of October, 1780, made at Newport, Rhode-Island, by Mons. de Granchain. Translated from the French, and communicated by the Rev. President Willard.

By these observations times are determined, when limbs of the sun and moon, and the sun's horns passed over the vertical and horizontal wires of a telescope, and when the eclipse ended, at a station on Goat-Island in 41° 30′ 30″ of northern latitude.

M. de Granchain also observed the lunar eclipse of the 11th of November, 1780, at the same place. And the memoir contains his observed times of the beginning, immersion, and emersion of certain spots, and the end.

XII. An account of the observations made in Providence, in the state of Rhode-Island, of the eclipse of the sun, which happened the 23d day of April, 1781. By Benjamin West, Esq. F.A.A.

The quantity of the eclipse and the time of its end were determined. And Mr. West calculated the moon's diameter from the magnitude of the eclipse and the length of the chord, joining the cusps at the time of greatest obscuration.

XIII. Account of the transit of Mercury, observed at Cambridge, November 12, 1782. By James Winthrop, Esq. F.A.A.

Observations of this transit by Judge Winthrop are contained in Professor Williams' account of those, which were made by himself and others. But, in the memoir before us, the author gives a more particular relation, with some additional facts and remarks.

XIV. Observations of an eclipse of the moon, March 29, 1782, and of an eclipse of the sun, on the 12th of April, following, at Ipswich, lat. 42° 38′ 30″. By the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, F.A.A.

Relative to the lunar eclipse,

the beginning, immersion, and emersion of several spots, and the end were observed, and the times of the phenomena respectively determined.

Of the solar eclipse the beginning and end were seen, and the times noted by Dr. Cutler, and two other gentlemen, who observed in company with him.

XV. On the extraction of roots. By Benjamin West, Esq. F.A.A.

The author's design in this performance we shall give in his own words. "What I chiefly aimed at was, to render the method of extracting the roots of the odd powers easier, and less burthensome to the memory; and, I think, I have not failed in my attempt. The method, followed by *Ward*, and others, is excellent, but is attended with too much difficulty in getting the divisors; especially for learners, who are not acquainted with the reason of the rules. That difficulty I have striven to remedy in the following work."

Dr. West here gives the investigation and exemplification of rules for extracting the third, fifth, and seventh roots; and observes, that similar methods may be found for extracting the roots of the even powers, and that he has not met with an instance, where the approximation is not as rapid by his rules, as by those of Ward.

It may be seen by looking into Ward's Algebra, in his "Young Mathematician's Guide," that in the process of forming theorems for extracting the roots of simple or pure powers, the equation immediately preceding each theorem is of the affected quadratick kind, e representing the part of the root to be found or the unknown quantity. But instead of solving this equation in the usual manner, and thus obtaining a rule for finding the remainder of the root, the author deduced his theorem by making the unknown quantity itself a part of the divisor. Hence arises the difficulty, which learners experience in finding the divisors in this method. The excess of this difficulty above the degree of it, which belongs to the common method of extracting the square root, Dr. West, we think, has avoided in his rules, which he obtained, as an algebraist will readily perceive, by a process differing from that of Ward in the solution of the aforesaid equations, which are treated as affected quadratick equations.

In a similar manner a general theorem for the extraction of roots may be investigated, from which these and other particular rules are easily deduced by only substituting particular for general and distinguishing quantities. But the general rule of approximation for the extraction of roots, which we prefer to any that we have seen, was discovered by Dr. Hutton, and is in his arithmetick, and in the *Mathematical Text-Book*, used in the University.

XVI. A new and concise method of computing interest at six per cent. per annum. By Philomath.

This memoir contains two concise rules for computing the interest of any principal, expressed in pounds and parts of a pound, for any time, expressed in months and parts of a month, at the rate of 6 per centum. They are obtained by contracting the operation for finding the answer to a single example, stated in compound proportion. The conclusions however depend on general principles, and their truth is sufficiently apparent. These rules are not given as new

discoveries, but probably with a view to extend the knowledge of them, and to shew their truth. And to facilitate their application tables of decimal parts of a pound and of a month, with the manner of deducing the interest at any other rate from that at 6 per cent. are annexed.

XVII. Several ways of determining what sum is to be insured on an adventure, that the whole interest may be covered. By Mercator.

Three methods are here given. The first is said to be most common. It is therefore probable, that the last is less extensively known. For we think no person, acquainted with this, would ever make use of that. To extend the knowledge of the last method, and to show its advantage relatively to the others by comparison we suppose to have been the object of the communication.

To be continued.

ART. 4.

Letters from Europe, during a tour through Switzerland and Italy, in the years 1801 *and* 1802, *by a Native of Pennsylvania.* Philadelphia, 1805, Bartram. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* *Price* $6,50.

EVERY traveller, when he breaks from the comforts of his own home, and is beginning to estrange himself from the blessings and habits of his country, creates himself, at once, a kind of hero of adventure. His fancy is chivalrous in its wanderings, and is already blazoning in the tilts and tournaments of the sublime passions of men. He rushes, with all the impetuosity of vain enterprise, into the romance of life, because every thing is new, strange, and confused. All his former anxieties, duties, and habits he leaves at the sill of his own door, and, as he departs from it into distance, he amuses the weariness of his many footsteps with the new motion of physical change, and enlivens the solitude of his mind with the strange operations of moral alteration. That our author is eminently of this character and spirit, we shall have occasion to show hereafter.

The book is two stout volumes, anonymous in the title page ; but we find that vanity gets the better of the author's prudence, and he grows so charmed with himself, that he cannot help hinting to the *eager* world, in the second volume, who he is. It is dedicated to a Mr. Hamilton, " of the woodlands," partly on account of his " liberal application to horticulture." No book was ever less wanted, than the Pennsylvanian's, and none ever deserved type and paper less. But hear his reason for publishing ; " he is the first American, who ever wrote his travels." His *columbianisms* are sufficient credentials to prove to us *whence* he came, and *whither* he is going. " Debemur nos nostraque morti."

We will now perform a little of our itinerant duty with our literary traveller. We should not be able to follow him in very close succession, however, if the path had not been so well trodden before him, for his own track is so faint, that we are half the time out of sight of our guide.

The Pennsylvanian begins now to show himself the hero we described. He drives off full tilt along the gay " Boulevards de Paris," and in his erratick ardour he declares to us, that " he happily missed running over any body in

the Rue St. Dennis, or on the Pont neuf ;" and he rattles the reader to Basil, though distant from Paris some hundred miles, in the hurry of one short letter.

From Basil he proceeds to Zurich, and from Zurich to Berne. Though Berne is the capital of all the Swiss cantons, and has so much to interest the traveller, our author has not said a word on the peculiar neatness and style of this city, nor even informed us, whether the French, or German language is spoken here. He says nothing of the cathedral, which is the most imposing and solemn Gothick pile in Europe ; nor of the western part of the city, which hangs so strangely so many hundred feet over the rushing torrent of the Aar. The following paragraph contains every word, our author says of Berne. " The next morning we rose with the lark, before the easy cits had left their beds, breakfasted on the banks of the Aar on a loaf of bread and bottle of wine, and brandishing our oaken staffs went on again with fresh spirits for Thun."

We next find our guide at Altorf, the capital of the canton of Uri, situated nearly on the *Lake of the four cantons*. The next objects of grandeur in Swisserland, to the Alps, surround this lake. Mr. S. has passed it, and passed it without observation. Its borders are the extent of the sublimest scenery. The imaginations is here under a new and strange operation of nature. It sometimes rises to sublimity on the wild surfaces of its eternal mountains, whose frozen summits stand steadfastly in the heavens, and glitter with a faint and distant light, which has yet to reach our sight ; and it sometimes sinks to the profoundest horrour, in the deep and dark vallies, which stretch beneath. It was in these solemn and silent recesses of nature, that the Swiss heroes held their secret revolutionary meetings for the freedom of their country. It was along these cliffs and glens, that the wild Tell leapt after the thin and fleeting form of liberty.

The reader is now carried through the picturesque valley of Schœllenen, without knowing it ; and he is transported over the stupendous mountain of St. Gothard by the most turgid swell of conceited description. Those, who have not experienced the hardships and terrours of the Alpine regions, will know nothing of them in the *heroicks* of the Pennsylvanian, though he may feel them in the lines of Pope.

> ———At first the towering Alps we try,
> Mount o'er the rocks, and seem to tread the sky,
> Th' eternal snows appear already past,
> And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
> But these attained, we tremble to survey
> The growing labours of the length'ned way ;
> Th' increasing prospect tires our lab'ring eyes,
> Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

We now leave these sublime altitudes, where we have overlooked the world, and descend from that cold elevation, where we forcibly felt our proximity to the other planets, to the smooth surface of the lake Maggiore, and the still plains of Lombardy, " diis patriis Italoque cælo."

The writer's first letter on Italy (Let. 6) begins with the different modes of travelling in that country, by voiture, (better known there by the name of vetturino) brocache, and post. He does not approve of travelling by post, which is indeed the only mode, by which a gentleman can travel with any convenience or advantage in this country, on account of " being obliged to travel with a lacquey," or in other words, with a *courier avant*. This, however,

is not the case; for, if travellers do not speak Italian, they can generally make themselves current, in any part of Italy, with a very moderate share of the French language.

We have now to pass through the old states of Milan, Lodi, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, then united under the futile title of the Cisalpine Republick, and since denominated the kingdom of Italy. But of the political changes and oppressions of these dukedoms he says nothing, and the reader is not even informed, that, by the articles signed by Melas after the victory of Marengo, Buonaparte was admitted to Milan with triumphal entry, and placed over the whole of subjugated Lombardy (excepting the Venetian state) from the Alps to the Appenines, and from the Adriatick to the Mediterranean.

We now meet our guide at Florence, and our curiosity is highly excited to have all the interesting objects of "Firenze la bella," pointed out to us. We regret, that the limits of a review preclude our filling up the deficiencies of our author's letter on this city. How cold and stupid must he be, who has gazed on the figures of "*Day and Night*," and of "*Morning and Evening Twilight*;" resting on the tombs of Julio and Lorenzo of Medici, not to mention more than their mere names and place; who could view these, without beholding the splendour of *Day* breaking from a body of marble, or without feeling his whole soul overshadowed with the thick and impenetrable darkness of *Night*; or who would not perceive his sight was dimmed, and that light was mysteriously stealing away from every surrounding object, in the effect of the figures of *Twilight!* These are the powers of a genius so bright, so mysterious, and so dark, as that of Michael Angelo!

In his letter on Florence, our author has said little of this intellectual prodigy; little of the bright Gallileo; nothing of the intricate Machiavelli; & nothing of the dark spirit of Dante, who declares to us, he will often make holy visitations on the still banks of the Arno. We think also, as our author is an American, (and, "for that reason," troubles his countrymen with his travels) he might have done more, than merely to mention the name of Americus Vespucius, and tho' no sarcophagus, proudly fretted with the history of his enterprises, contains his bones, still he ought to have entered the church of Santa Bourgona, where, on a rough tombstone, is this incription:

S. Amerigo Vespucio suisque amicis, XXXIII.

Mr. S. here speaks of that strange order of men, who seem to have descended from the ancient Troubadours, and who call themselves *Improvisatori*, and quotes Dr. Moore upon them; but as neither the Doctor, nor himself, has given a specimen of their powers of *impromptu*, we will subjoin the following courteous address.

Di Bartolo, e di Baldo, illustre figlio,
Colmo di zel, di probita, di onore
Alla tua patria accresci un gran splendore.
Ampio di mente, e multo piu di core,
Non ti pone in sgomento alcun pen 'glio,
E di prospera sorte ogni favore
Recevi ognor senza inarcasi il Ciglio.

Of the Florentine Gallery, tho' instituted by Cosmo, finished by Lorenzo, and protected by the succeeding families of the Medici, our author gives no history. Of its splendid treasures he does not think much, though still among them are the beautiful antiques of the young Apollo; the head of Alexander, sighing after other worlds to conquer; and the Roman slave,

who is *still listening*. Among the pictures, are the Holy Family of Corrigeo, the young St. John of Raphael, a Maddalena of Guido, and the Venus of Titian. These are mentioned by Mr. S. merely as articles in his hotch-potch catalogue. As the corridors of this gallery are replete with *chronological* specimens of the fine arts, and as its saloons contain still so many exquisite pieces of the classical painters, we would recommend the reader to consult "Saggio Istoria della Galleria di Firenze," 8vo. 2 vols. and a more modern description in French, printed at Florence, 1804.

We leave Florence for Siena, and though the country to this city is so picturesque, we hear nothing of it. At Siena, our traveller "*staid, while his horses were feeding*," and makes not an observation, except this very sensible one, "*the Cathedral has a linsey-woolsey appearance.*" He now passes along the still and retired regions of Balsena and Montipascone, without a single remark, though the poet here recommended so strongly, this pleasant and sweet retreat from the cookshops, and noise, and dust of the city.

"Si te grata quies, et primam somnus in horam,
Delectat, si te pulvis, strepitusque rotarum,
Si lædit caupona, Ferentinum* ire jubebo."
Horat.

We are now in the ancient capital of the world, and seem forever to have lost our guide among ruined temples and falling monuments. We sometimes see him leaning against a tottering column, and sometimes catch him gliding through the broken arches of huge aqueducts; and so do we the lean and cold-blooded priest, or the fat and sweltering capuchin. Here

....

* This was an ancient town, situated between Montefioscone and Viterbo.

again is the same fulsome inflation of the writer's style; and because his subject is more sublime, he thinks he must become more turgid. It will be too fatiguing to us, and too uninteresting to our readers, to trace the heavy and Gothick feet of our author through the solemn and dark ruins of imperial Rome. We will not profane its deep gloom and awful assemblage of stupendous objects, by here holding communion with him.

Of St. Peter's he has said much, and much incorrectly. In his history of it, he asserts, that it was *three* hundred years in building; it was but one hundred and six. Instead of its being begun in 1450, in the time of pope Nicholas fifth, it was commenced under Julio second, in 1506, by Bramante, on the spot where the first christian church was built by Constantine. Bramante, in the sublimity of his genius, so projected St. Peter's, that the most perfect of the ancient temples, the pantheon, could be sustained by this solid superstructure of christian faith. That is, that the dimensions of this cathedral should be proportionable to the dimensions of the pantheon *for its dome*.

But the lines of Bramante, being reduced by the succeeding artichects of St. Peter's, the dome was consequently reduced a few feet in diameter, and in 1588 Domenico Fontana hung this bright *hemisphere* over that world of architectural beauties. The colonnade, which was afterwards added, (and which our author calls a "*sweeping forest of* 300 *columns*,") is the splendid work of Bernini. We must now confess, that we have no sympathy in a single description of Mr. S. at Rome, and we can remain with him there no

longer. He evidently has a soul, which can reflect no brightness in the full splendour of St. Peter's, and which can feel no melancholy in the fading glory of the Colisœum.

Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, was, probably, a deserted city in the time of Augustus, as it was built some hundred years even before the time of Romulus. Horace says,

——Mihi non jam regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.

Mr. S. speaks of Tivoli, as if its peculiarity consisted in its having once been a splendid city, and not in the classical remembrance of the sweet retirement of Horace, where he spent such merry times with Mæcenas; nor in the splendour and magnificence of the vila's of Lucullus and Adrian. Horace thus speaks of it.

Tibur argœo positum colono,
Sit meœ sedes utinam senectæ.

On the modern Frescatti and the ancient Tusculum our traveller is *wholly* silent, though, on its hills was the "Superni villa candens Tusculi, of Horace, and there Cicero enjoyed his "Dies Tusculanos."

We are now fast approaching the end of our journey, having to trace a distance only of one hundred and fifty miles to Naples. Here we have sometimes to move with a slow and solemn step, through the gloomy ranges of sepulchral monuments, overhung with the mists of the *campagna*, and sometimes to saunter listlessly along the mellow fields and through the ethereal expanse of the ager Felix.

Naples, as a city, has every thing to interest and please the traveller, whether his sight be confused with the moving column of men, which struggles through the Toledo, or whether, as he wanders along the Chiaia, his eye reposes on the smooth and quiet surface of its bay, or is elevated by the dark and lofty promontory of Misenum, or brightened by the blazing summit of Vesuvius. If he be a traveller of pleasure, at Naples his whole senses may enjoy the fullest repletion. His eye may forever move through new tracts of delightful vision, in its environs; his ear may be filled with the softest sounds of Neapolitan musick; his odour will be in the fragrant breezes from the ager Felix; and his touch will be in the sweetest state of delectation in the universal contact of the softest and purest atmosphere.

If he be a scholar, in its neighbourhood he will find himself in the fairy land of classical poetry; and the ideal regions of ancient romance will now have the visible locality of the Baian coast. He will now ascend the mountain, where Æneas piously placed the bones of his companion Misenus, after his battle with Triton.

"At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imposuit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,
Monte subæreo, qui nunc Misenum ab illo
Dicitur, eternumque tenet per secula nomen."
Virgil.

Having now seen performed the funeral rites of Misenus, he descends the promontory with Æneas, passes the temple of Apollo,* and, in order to consult the Cumœan sibyl,† enters with him her resounding cavern.

"At pius Æneas arces, quibus altus Apollo
Præsidet, horrendæque procul secreta sibyllæ,
Antrumimmane petit." Ib.

Having consulted the prophetess, he commences with Æneas his de-

* The walls of this temple, which stand near the entrance of the cave, are still entire.

† The cave of the sibyl is to the eastward of the lake of Avernus. It may be passed, with much difficulty, to the end where it overhangs the sea.

scent to hell, and his visitation of Elysium.

" Hic locus est partes ubi se via findit in ambas,
Dextera quæ Ditis magni sub mœnia tendit;
Hac iter Elysium nobis. Ib.

Here he finds *il lago' d'Averno*, formerly surrounded by a deep forest, which Agrippa levelled. The poets here made the entrance of hell, as appears by Virgil.

" Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea tuta, lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris:
——— dixerunt nomine Avernum."
Ib.

Having now passed through the horrours of the infernal regions, he soon enjoys the silence and beauty of the Elysian fields.

" His demum exactis,———
Devenere locos lœtos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo." Ib.

But our author is above classical allusion, and, of course, is silent on these subjects of pleasant inquiry.

We shall now conclude our travelling remarks with the Pennsylvanian's description of the eternal functions of Vesuvius, and with that of Pliny the younger.

We approached the crater, a hill of ashes and pummice stones, near enough *to hear the great pot boil*, producing a sound, that *exactly* resembled the *boiling of a cauldron*. P. 198. vol. ii.

" Jam pumices etiam nigrique et ambusti et fracti igne lapides inciderant. Interim e Vesuvio monte pluribus locis latissimæ flammæ altaque incendia relucebant, quorum fulgor et claritas tenebris noctis excitabatur. Jam dies alibi, illic nox omnibus noctibus nigrior densiorque." *C. Plin. Tacito.*

Having now marked out a few of the sins of omission, in our author, we shall expose to view a few of his sins of commission.

There is no kind of writing, which at first thought pleases more, or in project seems easier, than that of travels; and, consequently, every man, who has travelled, thinks he has a right to become author. Most of the requisites of fine writing are, however, here necessary, from the simplest narration to the fulness and splendour of figurative description. The mind must here observe closely, and without prejudice, and we must relate with correctness and elegance. We must be correct concerning facts; and we ought to be elegant on that, which is already elegant. The book, which is now before us, is not only destitute of every such principle and rule, but exhibits to us the most ludicrous and striking carricature of the grace and dignity of a well-formed work. When the turgid answers for the sublime; modern sentimental conceit for natural and unaffected passion; and hard words for peculiar ideas, the Pennsylvanian will be thought a good writer. We subjoin a few examples of our author's style and manner to prove the impartiality of our remarks. For the clear and perspicuous the following (so crowded with light).

An illuminated cross is suspended in the air, beneath the dome of St. Peter's; *when* the *symbolick refulgence* creates sublime effects of light and shade, glittering upon the gilded ceiling, running into obscurity in the recesses of the chapels, *dying away* in the dome, and *fading* by degrees on the sides of the nave in the *weaker and weaker* reflections of *diagonal radiation*. P. 269. v. ii.

Again.

A brilliant orange, melting into a pea-green of the most vivid transparency, was richly irradiated from behind a ridge of mountains upon the distant horizon, empurpled with the fairy tinge of an Italian atmosphere. P. 279. vol. ii.

We cannot refrain from extracting the following sinking, *mock-heroick* sentiment.

I *saw* the sun go down on the crumbling walls of the villa of Adrian—*and, at* 10 *o'clock at night*, as I sit in a large room, scantily hung with the scrawls of wandering travellers, I hear the roar of the Anio, and *my windows rattle* with a rising blast.—*It* reminds me, that I am *alone*—five thousand miles from my own fireside.—The thought is serious—it stops my *rambling pen*. P. 248. vol. ii.

But our author does not stand charged merely with having violated the laws of writing; he is still more criminal by his forgery of words. This is a crime so atrocious, that we can receive no motion for the arrest of judgment, and no petition for the extension of pardon. If the following are not words of his own formation, they are *indianisms*, with which we are not acquainted; from their length we should take them for the names of *Indian roots*. "Swamped;" "insurrectionary;" "importunacy;" "romantically;" &c.

The laughable application of the following terms brings strongly to our mind the manner of a quack's prescription. "Sinister ray;" "cubick cottages;" "transfixed waves;" "spiral protuberances;" "monotony of silence;" "hillocks of the Appennines;" "rainbow of a nave;" "inimitable taste of time."

From the advertisement of the book we should be led to think, that Mr. S. was some great political and literary personage, and that he intends again to appear to the publick in letters on England and France. But we warmly advise the Pennslvanian to retire "to the woodlands of Mr. Hamilton," his Mæcenas, where, "through the loopholes of retreat," he may see the swollen and dropsical carcass of his work heaped on the funeral pile of corrupt literature.

ART. 5.

The life of Samuel Johnson, D. D. *the first president of King's college, Newyork. Containing many interesting anecdotes; a general view of the state of religion and learning in Connecticut, during the former part of the last century; and an account of the institution and rise of Yale college, Connecticut; and of King's (now Columbia) college, Newyork. By Thomas B. Chandler,* D.D. *formerly rector of St. John's church, Elizabethtown, N. J. To which is added, an appendix, containing many original letters to Dr. Johnson.* New York. Swords, 1805. 12mo. pp. 208.

CALLIMACHUS, the learned librarian of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, considered by all antiquity as the prince of elegiack poets, judged of a book from its size and the number of its pages according to the following rule, which he deemed infallible...that the larger a book, the more nonsense it contained. The author of the work before us, penetrated no doubt with the most perfect conviction of the truth of the opinion of Callimachus, has taken a most commendable precaution, and by making his volume of a very moderate size, discovered great deference for the opinion of the publick. We think that Dr. Chandler deserves no common praise for making the life of Dr. Johnson to consist of only one hundred and fifty-five pages, and the appendix, containing letters to Dr. Johnson from bishop Berkeley, archbishop Secker, bishop Lowth, and others, of fifty-three pages, in these *bad times*, when the literary world seems to be threatened with being overwhelmed by the number and and size of the volumes which

continually issue from the press, called lives, memoirs, the correspondence, &c. &c. of men and women, boys and girls, philosophers and fools.

The object of modern biographers seems to be only to make of their heroes giants; stretching them out, to the very "crack of doom," over an insufferable number of pages. Such, in fact, has been the daring and extensive manufacture of books of this kind in England, and such the alarming and inordinate consumption of paper, that an ingenious mechanick, by the name of Neckinger, has lately erected a mill at Camberwell for the *reproduction* of this valuable article.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was born of respectable parents at Guilford, in Connecticut, the 14th October, 1696. His great-grand-father Robert, came from Kingston upon Hull, in Yorkshire, and was one of the first settlers of New-Haven, about the year 1637, and is said to have been of the same family with Johnson, the associate of Robert Brown, the father of the Brownists. Samuel Johnson, the subject of this memoir, early discovered an unconquerable desire for the acquisition of knowledge, and in his eleventh year was sent to the school at Guilford, to prepare himself for the college then at Saybrook, which he entered at fourteen, and received a degree of bachelor of arts in 1714. In the succeeding year, much discontent was excited among the scholars at the college at Saybrook, in consequence of the ignorance and total incapacity of the governours to afford them any useful instruction, and the scholars, in rapid succession, abandoned the college. Those, belonging to the towns on Connecticut river, associated under the direction of Messrs. Woodbridge and Buckingham, ministers of Hartford, who were trustees of the college, and who, desirous of obtaining a removal of the college from Saybrook to Weathersfield, in their own neighbourhood, induced Messrs. Williams and Smith to establish a collegiate school at Weathersfield, to which the young gentlemen, above alluded to, immediately resorted. Those, who belonged to the towns on the seashore, put themselves under the tuition of Mr. Johnson at Guilford. This academical schism called loudly for legislative interference, and accordingly, when the general court convened in October, 1716, an act was passed for establishing the college in New-Haven, and Mr. Johnson was unanimously chosen one of the tutors, where he resided but a short time. The disaffection of the scholars to their instructers at Saybrook, their consequent dispersion, the dissentions between the two parties at Weathersfield and New-Haven, which occasioned for some time much disturbance in the colony, and the final compromise, which ended in the peaceful establishment of the college at New-Haven, are minutely detailed by Dr. Chandler, and constitute an interesting part of the work before us.

We have thus seen, at Saybrook, the evils arising in consequence of placing boys under the direction of unskilful, inefficient instructers, the rebellion there excited, and the dissolution of the college. Even in our days we experience the mournful consequences of the insufficiency of the system of education adopted in the much boasted schools, colleges, and academies of N. England. Our school-masters, preceptors, and tutors, are too frequently incompetent to discharge

their important duties, fraught with high responsibility. They are often men without manners, and without learning; who need "put no enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains;" who, with Othello's drunken lieutenant, will say, this is my right hand, and this is my left. Deeply impressed with the importance of some immediate and radical change in our system of education, particularly as it respects the instructers of the Latin and Greek languages, at our academies and colleges, we cannot, on this subject, here omit inserting the declarations of Gilbert Wakefield, whose observations apply with ten fold more force to this country, than to England; most sincerely wishing, that the opinions of a man, so distinguished for science and classical learning, may have some effect upon our men of wealth and influence, and persuade them to offer such salaries to teachers of youth as shall induce men of understanding and learning, to undertake what at best must be an ungracious task.

"I cannot but lament that inundation of dreadful evils, which are let in upon society by the tribe of unprincipled, or ineffective schoolmasters. The majority of young men, who go to college after finishing their education at school, scarcely know, with tolerable accuracy, even the first rudiments of the languages.

"Can imagination represent to herself a more melancholy case, than that of an ingenuous, enterprising youth, wasting his time and blasting his hopes, in a seminary of one of those ignorant, heedless, insipid teachers, with which the kingdom is overrun? 'I have kept my son,' said the mayor of one of the first towns in this kingdom, 'six or seven years with this fellow K——, learning Latin and Greek all this time; and, now he is come home, I find him unable to construe a prescription, or explain the inscriptions of the gallipots.' In my humble opinion this enormous usurpation of stupidity and impudence ought to be made a national concern.

"To suffer the rising generation to be thus abused beyond all recovery from any future process, what is it but to blot the *spring* from the *year?* For my own part, I look upon the generality of these preceptors as *robbers of hope* and *opportunity*, those blessings for which no compensation can be made. I cherish liberty, I think, with a warmth of attachment inferiour to no man; but I should rejoice to see, I confess, some restrictions in the case before us. Men of acknowledged qualifications should be appointed to examine, with a scrupulous and conscientious accuracy, the competency of all those who undertake the teaching of the learned languages; and none should be allowed to exercise this arduous office, but those who could endure the *fiery trial.* Society would be benefited beyond measure, and no real injury be done to the individual. Men should *learn*, or be *taught*, the knowledge of themselves; nor should he aspire to adorn the mind, who is fit only to *trim a periwig*; or, in the vain attempt of acquiring science, leave uncultivated the capabilities of a commendable *shoemaker*.

All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies."

In March, 1720, Mr. Johnson was ordained as a congregational minister at West-Haven, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. From early life, even while at college, he had been opposed to extempore prayer. He had also an early dislike to the independent or

congregational form of church government. In the prosecution of his studies, he very soon began to doubt the validity of presbyterian ordination, avowed his perfect conversion to episcopacy, and declared that he could find no way of reconciling his conscience, while he neglected the practices of the ancient church. He accordingly took an affectionate farewel of his people at West-Haven, and proceeded to Boston, in company with Messrs. Cutler and Brown, the former president, and the latter tutor, of New-Haven college ; both of whom had also been converted to episcopacy, proposing to embark for England to obtain holy orders in the church, where they arrived on the 15th of December, 1722 ; whence they immediately proceeded to London, and were politely received by Dr. Robinson, the bishop of London, and the society for propagating the gospel. Mr. Cutler was ordained to take charge of the new church in Boston, and Mr. Johnson to take care of the church at Stratford in Connecticut. The former also received from the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge the honours of a degree of Dr. in divinity, and Mr. Johnson of master of arts. Having taken leave of their friends, they embarked for America in July, 1723, and Mr. Johnson arrived at Stratford to take charge of his little flock, consisting of about twenty families, by whom he was joyfully received.

Mr. Johnson's conversion to the episcopal church ; the particular books which he read, which assisted to promote that conversion ; the commotion that in consequence was excited in the colony of Connecticut ; the conference with the trustees of the college, and Governour Saltonstall, &c. &c. are all amply detailed by Dr. Chandler, and include many traits, which must afford interest and amusement to the lovers of ecclesiastical history.

In the month of February, 1729, Dr. Berkeley, then dean of Derry in Ireland, arrived in America, and resided two years and an half in Rhode-Island. "As his coming to America, (says Dr. Chandler) had an important effect upon the religion and learning of the country ; and as Dr. Johnson always considered the period in which bishop Berkeley resided in this country as one of the most interesting periods of his life, it may not be amiss to give a more particular account of that extraordinary person, and of the business that brought him hither, than has probably been laid before the *American* reader in one view."

On comparing the sketch of the life of Bishop Berkeley in the work before us, with the life in Dr. Aikin's general biography, we find it to be generally correct, though the latter is more full and satisfactory ; but wherever we are made acquainted with the life of this celebrated gentleman and scholar, we are most profoundly impressed with the highest admiration of the disinterestedness of his character, of his learning, his christian charity, his discernment, and patriotism.

At the period of Mr. Johnson's conversion to episcopacy, the church of England had scarcely any existence in Connecticut. There were thirty families at Stratford, chiefly from England, under the care of Mr. Pigot, the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, and who no doubt was very instrumental in producing his conversion. Mr. Johnson, while minister at Stratford, frequently made excursions into the neighboring towns, and

preached with peculiar success; the episcopal church making very visible progress in Connecticut; and in the year 1736, upon inquiry, there were found to be no less than seven hundred families in the colony. Great acquisitions were afterwards made to the church by the wild enthusiasm introduced by Mr. Whitfield, and propagated by his followers. Mr. Johnson published tracts, in defence of the church, which involved him in much controversy, particularly with Mr. Dickenson of Elizabethtown, in New-Jersey, and Mr. Foxcroft of Boston. These controversies reach down to 1736, and are detailed at much length by Dr. Chandler. These publications were much approved of in England, and obtained for Mr. Johnson, in 1743, *from the university of Oxford a degree of Doctor in divinity.*

Dr. Johnson had two sons, who were educated at Yale college, for whom he composed a compendium of logick, including metaphysicks, and another of ethicks, for their better instruction in these studies; which were printed together, in an octavo volume by Dr. Franklin, for the use of the college in that city, then about to be erected, and of which Mr. Franklin was one of the most active promoters.

In 1754 the trustees of New-York college unanimously elected Dr. Johnson president, who accepted, but with great reluctance. For the history of the establishment of the college, in the city of New-York, whose charter was granted in October, 1754; the violent opposition which arose among the trustees, respecting what denomination of christians should predominate in the government and immediate direction of the college; the violent clamour in consequence excited in the province and legislature of New-York; the vigorous exertions made by Mr. Johnson to promote the interests of the seminary; the benefactions it received, &c. &c. we refer our readers to the work itself.

In 1763 Dr. Johnson resigned the office of president, and went to his peaceful retreat at Stratford, where he passed the remainder of his days; not however in inglorious ease. He resumed the charge of his old mission, and was again kindly received by the people of Stratford in character of their minister, in 1764, upwards of forty years after he had first entered into this relation with them. He entered into the controversy between the Rev. Mr. Apthorp and Dr. Mayhew, on the subject of an American episcopate, and wrote a short vindication of the society for propagating the gospel. "On the morning of January 6, 1722, the most glorious epiphany he ever beheld, he conversed with his family on the subject of his own death, with the greatest cheerfulness and serenity. He expressed his wishes that he might resemble, in the manner of his death, his good friend the bishop Berkeley, whom he had greatly loved, and whose exit he had ever esteemed happy. Heaven granted his wish; for soon after he had uttered these words, like the good bishop, he instantaneously expired in his chair, without the least struggle or groan; so that he may rather be said to have been changed or translated, than to have died." Two days after, his remains were interred in the chancel of Christ church, Stratford, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory.

Thus lived, and thus died, a man, the narrative of whose life involves much interesting anec-

dote ; who was respectable for his understanding and his learning, and still more pre-eminent for suavity of manners, and the benevolence of his heart. The great Racine, the father of the French drama, after having exalted the glory of his genius to the utmost limits allotted to humanity, regretted, at the age of thirty-eight years, that he had done every thing for the world, and nothing for his God. Cæsar, at the same age, lamented, on the tomb of Alexander, that he had yet done nothing to secure to himself durable renown. This passion for human glory conducted the conqueror of Pompey to actions which should be disdained by a noble heart, and it was, on the contrary, at an advanced age, by contempt of glory, that the author of Andromaque elevated Racine above himself. Very different from these men was the character of Dr. Johnson. His whole life was active, vigilant, and efficient in the service of his Maker ; in magnifying the holy office of a clergyman ; in reclaiming the vicious ; in quickening, to a sense of their duty, the negligent and careless ; in influencing the ignorant ; in strengthening and confirming the serious and religious ; in visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, and cloathing the naked. Private virtues are the more sublime, as they do not aspire to the approbation of others, but only to the testimony of one's own conscience ; and the conscience of a good man is of more value to himself, than the praises of the universe.

As we have already protracted our review to an immoderate length, we will only give the following extract from our author as a favourable specimen of his style and manner.

While the Dean refided at *Rhode-Iſland*, he compoſed his *Alciphron*, or *Minute Philoſopher* ; written by way of dialogue, in the manner of PLATO. The deſign of it was to vindicate the Chriſtian religion, in anſwer to the various objections and cavils of atheiſts, libertines, enthuſiaſts, ſcorners, criticks, metaphyſicians, fataliſts, and *ſcepticks*. In the *advertiſement* prefixed to theſe dialogues, the author affirms, that he was "well aſſured one of the moſt noted writers againſt Chriſtianity had declared, he had found out a *demonſtration* againſt the being of a God." Mr. JOHNSON, in one of his viſits to the Dean, converſing with him on the ſubject of the work then in hand, was more particularly informed by him—that he himſelf (the Dean) had heard this ſtrange declaration, while he was preſent in one of the *deiſtical clubs*, in the pretended character of a learner—that COLLINS was the man who made it—and that the *demonſtration* was what he afterwards publiſhed, in an attempt to prove that every action is *the effect of fate and neceſſity*, in his book entitled, *A Philoſophical Inquiry concerning Human Liberty*. And, indeed, could the point be once eſtabliſhed, that every thing is produced by fate and neceſſity, it would naturally follow, that there is no God, or that he is a very uſeleſs and inſignificant being, which amounts to the ſame thing. As this ſtrange anecdote deſerves to be more generally known, a place is given it in this memoir.

When the Dean was about leaving *America*, Mr. JOHNSON made him his final viſit. As he retained a ſtrong affection for *Yale College*, the ſeminary in which he was educated, and with which he had been otherwiſe connected, he took the liberty, on this occaſion, to recommend it to the Dean's notice ; hoping that he might think proper to ſend it ſome books, and not expecting, or aiming at any thing further. But within two years from that time, Dr. BERKELEY, aſſiſted by ſeveral gentlemen who had ſubſcribed money for his intended college at *Bermuda*, ſent over a valuable collection of books, as a preſent to *Yale College*. It amounted, including what he had given before, to near *one thouſand* volumes, of which *two hundred* and *ſixty* were in folio, and very large. The coſt of this collection could have been little leſs than *five hundred pounds ſterling*. At or about the ſame time he tranſmitted to Mr. JOHNSON a deed, in which he conveyed to that college his

farm in *Rhode-Island*, consisting of ninety six acres. The annual interest of it was to be divided between three bachelors of arts, who, upon examination by the rector of the college, and a minister of the Church of England, should appear to be the best *classical scholars*; provided they would reside at college the three years between their bachelor's and master's degrees, in the prosecution of their studies; and the forfeitures, in case of non-residence, were to be given in premiums of books, to those that performed the best exercises.

ART. 6.

The first settlers of Virginia, an historical novel, exhibiting a view of the rise and progress of the colony at James Town, a picture of Indian manners, the countenance of the country, and its natural productions. The second edition, considerably enlarged. New-York. Printed for I. Riley & Co. 1806. *pp.* 284.

NOVELS, which are founded on historical incidents, are little adapted to interest the attention and affect the imagination, from the recollection, which will intrude into the mind, of the real extent of the facts, and the consequent conviction, which will be induced, that the rest is fiction. But any one, who is acquainted with the early history of Virginia, will not only feel this embarrassment, while reading the novel before us, but will often be disappointed by the recollection of having before read the same events, narrated in precisely the same language.

In a historical novel we look for historical facts, as the basis of the story; but we know not by what right an author avails himself of the labours of others in this more than in any other kind of composition, without acknowledging his obligations. Near the close of his book, Mr. Davis * refers his readers to Smith, Purchas, and others. How far he is indebted to them, not only for incidents, but for paragraphs and pages, we cannot assert; but by the evidences of plagiarism, which we will adduce, we cannot repress the suspicion, that it is greater than we can prove. We will present our readers with a few extracts from the life of Smith, in Belknap's "American Biography," and direct them to the pages of "The first settlers of Virginia," in which they are generally copied *verbatim*.

"Proceeding up the river, another company of Indians appeared in arms. Their chief, Apamatica, holding in one hand his bow and arrow, and in the other a pipe of tobacco, demanded the cause of their coming; they made signs of peace, and were hospitably received." *Amer. Biog. p.* 255.—*First Settlers. p.* 19.

The paragraph following this in the novel is a little varied from the Biography.

"They proceeded down the river to Kecoughtan, where the natives, knowing the needy state of the colony, treated them with contempt, offering an ear of corn in exchange for a musket, or a sword." *Amer. Biog. p.* 261.—*First Settlers, p.* 21.

The five paragraphs which succed this in the novel, are a little varied from the Biography.

Compare p. 265 of the Biography, "The Indians astonished," &c. with pages 26, and 27 of the novel.

"Powhatan then set such a price on his corn, that not more than four bushels could be procured; and the necessary supplies could not have been had, if Smith's genius, ever ready at invention, had not hit on an artifice which proved successful. We had secreted some trifles, and among them a parcel of *blue beads*,

....

* We learn the name of the author from the extracts from reviews, and from the letters prefixed to the novel.

which, seemingly in a careleſs way, he glanced in the eyes of Powhatan. The bait caught him, and he earneſtly deſired to purchaſe them. Smith, in his turn, raiſed the value of them, extolling them as the moſt precious jewels, reſembling the colour of the ſky, and proper only for the nobleſt ſovereigns of the univerſe. Powhatan's imagination was all on fire; he made large offers. Smith inſiſted on more, and at length ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded to take between two and three hundred buſhels of corn, for about two pounds of blue beads."—*Amer. Biog. pp.* 274–5. *Firſt Settlers. pp.* 62–3.

"Having finiſhed the neceſſary buſineſs of the ſeaſon, and diſpatched the ſhip, another voyage of diſcovery was undertaken by Capt. Smith and fourteen others. They went down the river in an open barge, in company with the ſhip, and having parted with her at Cape Henry, they croſſed the mouth of the bay, and fell in with a cluſter of iſlands without Cape Charles, to which they gave the name of Smith's Iſles, which they ſtill bear." *Biog. p.* 277. *Firſt Settlers, p.* 63.

"Smith having ſtuck his ſword into a ſtingray, the fiſh raiſed its tail, and with its ſharp indented thorn, wounded him in the arm. The wound was extremely painful, and he preſently ſwelled to that degree, that they expected him to die, and he himſelf gave them orders to bury him on a neighbouring iſland. But the ſurgeon ſo allayed the anguiſh and ſwelling, that Smith was able to eat part of the fiſh for his ſupper. From this occurrence, the place was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Stingray-Point, which it ſtill bears." *Biog. pp.* 279–80. *Firſt Settlers, p.* 65.

"All things being prepared for the ceremony of coronation, the preſent was brought from the boats; the baſon and ewer were depoſited, the bed and chair were ſet up, the ſcarlet ſuit and cloak were put on, though not till Namontac had aſſured him that theſe habiliments would do him no harm; but they had great difficulty in perſuading him to receive the crown, nor would he bend his knee, or incline his head in the leaſt degree. After many attempts, and with actual preſſing on his ſhoulders, they at laſt made him ſtoop a little, and put it on. Inſtantly, a ſignal being given, the men in the boats fired a volley, at which the monarch ſtarted with horrour, imagining that a deſign was forming to deſtroy him in the ſummit of his glory; but being aſſured that it was meant as a compliment, his fear ſubſided, and in return for the baubles of royalty received from King James, he deſired Newport to preſent him his old fur mantle and deer ſkin ſhoes." *Biog. pp.* 286–7. *Firſt Settlers, pp.* 74–5.

"The ſupplies procured by trading being inſufficient, and hunger very preſſing, Smith ventured on the dangerous project of ſurpriſing Powhatan, and carrying off his whole ſtock of proviſions. This Indian prince had formed a ſimilar deſign reſpecting Smith; and for the purpoſe of betraying him, had invited him to his ſeat, promiſing that if he would ſend men to build him a houſe, after the Engliſh mode, and give him ſome guns and ſwords, copper and beads, he would load his boat with corn." *Biog. p.* 292. *Firſt Settlers, p.* 77.

But excepting the ſentiments excited by obſerving ſo many unaccountable inſtances of unacknowledged tranſcription, we confeſs that we have peruſed this novel with pleaſure. Many parts of it, for which we are exclusively indebted to Mr. Davis, are highly ingenious; and if he had added a few prefatory remarks expreſſing his frequent obligations to others, not only for incidents, but for many of the paragraphs, in which they are narrated, we might, with the exception of a few paſſages, have given it our entire approbation.

To the novel is affixed a pompous "memoir of the author," the peruſal of which has probably furniſhed to him far higher gratification, than it will give to any of its readers.

We cannot quote any part of the ſtory, but in juſtice to Mr. Davis, and to give our readers a ſpecimen of his ſtyle, we will ſubjoin a few extracts, which will lose nothing in being detached from the work.

The party encamped at evening, round a cypreſs, which invited them to

repoſe, after the fatigue of their march. The cypreſs is in the firſt order of American trees. Its majeſtick ſtature, the ſtatelineſs of its trunk, lifting its cumbrous branches towards the ſkies, the delicacy of its colour, and the texture of its leaves, fill the mind with mingled emotions of pleaſure and of awe. From its mighty branches hang ſtreamers of long moſs, which float in the wind; and on its lofty top the eagle builds his neſt, and the ſtork finds a reſting place. *p.* 53.

The mocking-bird is the ſweeteſt choriſter of the feathered race, without excepting even the nightingale. While it poſſeſſes the power of imitating the notes of other birds, it equals that charming ſongſter in the peculiar melody of its own ſtrain.

But the mocking bird mingles action with its ſong, and its meaſured movements accompany and expreſs the ſucceſſion of its emotions. Its prelude is to riſe ſlowly, with expanded wings, and ſoon ſink back to the ſame ſpot, its head hanging downwards. Its action now correſponds with the varied nature of its muſick If the notes are briſk and lively, it deſcribes in the air a number of circles, croſſing each other; or it aſcends and deſcends continually in a ſpiral line. If they are loud and rapid, it with equal briſkneſs flaps its wings. Is its ſong unequal? It flutters, it bounds. Do its tones ſoften by degrees, melt into tender ſtrains, and die away in a pauſe, more charming than the ſweeteſt muſick? It gently diminiſhes its action, glides ſmoothly above its reſting place, till the wavings of its wings begin to be imperceptible, at laſt ceaſe, and the bird remains ſuſpended and motionleſs in the air." *pp.* 54–5.

ART. 7.

A ſermon preached in Providence, at the ordination of Rev. Henry Edes, A. M. July 17, *A. D.* 1805, *By John Eliot, D. D. paſtor of the New North Church. Boston.*

Ubi autem ſapientia cum religione inſeparabili nexu cohœret, utrumque verum eſſe neceſſe eſt; quia et in colendo ſapere debemus, id eſt ſcire, quid nobis et quomodo ſit colendum, et in ſapiendo colere, id eſt re et actu, quod ſcierimus, implere.

Lact. de vera ſapient. cap. 8.

Providence. Carter. *pp.* 40.

ORDINATION diſcourſes ſeldom fail to intereſt the hearers for whoſe particular benefit they are intended. The occaſion naturally leads them to recur to paſt ſcenes, to recollect paſt inſtructions, and to view with anxiety and hope their opening proſpects. There is indeed a combination of circumſtances favourable to both the eloquence of the ſpeaker and the feelings of the auditory. The ſermon, however, which is the ſubject of our preſent remarks, independently of time, place, and incident, is an excellent performance. It is judicious and appropriate; rich in ſentiment; brilliant in remark; ſerious and evangelical. Yet it is not faultleſs. The learning of its author is ſometimes unneceſſarily displayed. Its method is not, as it ought to be, ſo lucid, as to be plainly perceived by the careful hearer without the aid of either promiſe or recapitulation. Its tranſitions are not eaſy; its wit is obnoxious to miſapprehenſion, and therefore may poſſibly exaſperate: and ſome of its ſimilies are ſo confuſed and ſo trite, as to ſerve neither for illuſtration nor embelliſhment; for then only, when ſparingly and aptly uſed, are rhetorical figures "like apples of gold in baskets of ſilver."

The ſermon is founded on Luke x. 18. After ſome general remarks, explanatory of the text, Dr. E. traces the progreſs of chriſtianity in the world. He then ably deſcribes the duty of its preachers, and indicates the various means by which their miſſion may be moſt ſucceſsfully accompliſhed. With pointed ſatire and with holy zeal he combats the ſneers and doubtings of the unbeliever on the one hand; and on the other he forcibly deſcants up-

on the injuries, which pure christianity sustains from the false fervours of ignorant and fanatical exhorters, who mar the beauty of religion, who clothe that angel of peace in a demon's dress, and under the pretence of piety seek only a support in their idleness, and a cloak for those disorders of which they are the occasion. After exposing these opposite evils, and showing them to be extremely injurious to the progress of undefiled religion, he concludes with the usual addresses to the candidate and the church. To the first he is affectionate, to the last respectful.

The charge by Rev. Dr. Lathrop is paternal and instructive; and the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Dr. Kirkland contains hints on the exercise and display of christian charity, on which christians of every name would do well to meditate.

ART. 8.

A discourse, delivered at Springfield, Oct. 30, 1805. *On occasion of the completion and opening of the great bridge over Connecticut river, between the towns of Springfield and West-Springfield. By Joseph Lathrop,* D. D. *pastor of the church in West-Springfield. 2d edition.* Springfield, (Mas.) H. Brewer. *pp.* 16.

THE first object of this discourse is to exhibit the wisdom and benevolence of God in adapting the earth to the habitance of men. The author then shows it to have been the design of the Deity, notwithstanding what is done for us, that we should do something for ourselves. He lastly very happily uses the occasion for suggesting several reflexions of immense importance. He refreshes the mind with proofs of God's existence. He displays the nature and duties of civil society. He shows the superiority of civilized to savage life. He remarks upon the necessity of subordination, labour, and union in a community, and of a firm and steady government to the prosperity of a people. He speaks of the advantages of divine revelation, and closes with a striking summary of the a priori arguments in favour of a future state.

Dr. Lathrop is a writer who is always filled with his subject, and who gives to every subject he touches a high degree of interest. His style is simple, perspicuous, and forcible. He communicates much matter in an easy manner, and performs more than he promises. We regret that so good a sermon, as the one we have described, should not be impressed on better paper and with a better type, and that its punctuation and orthography should be sadly imperfect.

ART. 9.

A discourse delivered before the members of the Boston Female Asylum, Sept. 20, 1805, *being their fifth anniversary. By William Emerson, minister of the first church in Boston.* Russell & Cutler. 1805. *pp.* 30. Text. Matt. xxiv. 13.

THIS discourse is introduced by a text, which is perhaps more appropriate to the circumstances of this charitable institution, than any other in the whole compass of the sacred writings. The delicacy and elegance of the compliment it conveys must have been peculiarly grateful to the members of this society, and have excited a degree of expectation, which, we dare to say, was not disappointed in the

progress of the discourse. The connexion of the text is well illustrated and applied; the observations follow from it without labour or constraint.

Though the Female Asylum has been generally approved, still there are some benevolent and judicious men, who have been doubtful of its ultimate tendency, and have therefore been less unreserved in their commendations, than our author. We do not say that he has been immoderate in its praise; but we suggest to his consideration, whether he has not expressed himself with too little caution, when he compares to the avarice and envy of Judas the motives of those persons "who may persist in condemning the design of this institution?" The friends of the Asylum, however, have found in the preacher an eloquent advocate, and, but for the exceptions just mentioned, an enemy might almost be made a convert.

The word "reciprocity" is hardly admissible, and the phrase "empyrean heavens" is rather above the heads of common audiences.

We extract the following specimen of the writer's style and manner.

The subject also suggests a fine lesson on the effect of commendation. How sweet is the voice of praise! It is necessary to the young, it is exhilirating to the old. There is none so high as to be above, and none so low as to be beneath its influence. To repose under the shade of the laurel, we see the student wasting his constitution before the lamp, the statesman denying himself ease, and the victorious general braving death in a thousand forms. Let us however distinguish the applause of the fickle multitude from the calm approbation of the wise and good. The first is unworthy the pursuit of man or woman, the last is an ornament of grace, of which the most modest christian is permitted to be fond; it is a crown of glory, which the humblest christian may be proud to wear. This alone is genuine honour; it is the natural and well ripe fruit of genuine worth. It is sometimes in possession of the humble cottager, as well as of him who figures in the walks of publick life. This is that *good name which is better than precious ointment, and rather to be chosen than great riches.* To a person conscious of merit, whose actions are guided by wisdom, and terminate in private happiness, publick utility, and the honour of religion, how grateful the commendation of a discerning friend! It is like the precious ointment, which was wont to moisten the head of the Hebrew priest, and to perfume his sacerdotal vestments. Or it may be likened to the dews, which copiously descended on the hills of Hermon, quickening the progress of vegetation, and clothing them with luxuriance and beauty. It is at once the stimulus and the reward of beneficence. And it is a reward which we cannot, without doing violence to the best feelings of the heart, refrain from bestowing. As like begets like, love begets love. It is impossible to behold a high degree of natural beauty, and be silent in its praise. It is equally impossible to witness an act of sincere generosity, and not feel a sentiment of complacence for the agent. It is immaterial whether the action be done for our advantage, or that of our neighbour. Jesus would have commended a similar action in Mary performed for any other man; and he would have praised the same deed performed for him by any other woman. What a beautiful encomium is here paid by our master to his worthy friend! Who will henceforth doubt if love of honour, within moderate limits, may be justified? It is manifest that Christ here sanctifies a desire of glory, and consecrates it to the practice of virtue. *Verily I say unto you, wherever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.* Blessed Jesus! We this day help to make thee a true prophet. In these ends of the earth we verify thy words. Yes, thou excellent woman, who anointedst with precious ointment the holy saviour of the world, at the distance of eighteen centuries from thy death, we publish thy beneficence with joy and gratitude. Though no statue is erected to thy fame, thy bounty shall yet be had in everlasting remembrance: without the aid of brass,

thy character will every where be dear. Wherever the goſpel of our ſalvation ſhall be made known; wherever it ſhall carry peace to the turbulent, and light to thoſe in darkneſs; wherever it ſhall offer pardon to the penitent, and immortality to the good, there ſhall thy lovely name be more fragrant than the perfumes, and thy memory precious as that of the juſt!

ART. 9.

A ſermon, preached at the ordination of Rev. Charles Lowell to the paſtoral care of the weſt church and congregation in Boſton, Jan. 1, 1806. *By Eliphalet Porter, paſtor of the firſt church in Roxbury.* Annexed are *The charge, by Profeſſor Ware; and right hand of fellowſhip, by Mr. Buckminſter.* Boston: Belcher & Armstrong.

THE chief entertainment of an ordination ſermon is to be found in the addreſſes at the cloſe. The preceding matter reſembles the half hour, which is ſpent in the drawing room before dinner: it is irkſome; but a good-natured and civil man, if he does not attend to it with delight, will endure it with patience, ſenſible that a half hour, "though it may be tedious, cannot be long," and that the feaſt, which is to follow, will compenſate him for his mental fatigue. Mr. Porter is an entertainer who deſerves our thanks; for whilſt he has intereſted and pleaſed us in the concluſion of his diſcourſe, he is neither long nor dull in the introductory part. His text is, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth;" and the two diviſions of his ſubject are, "1. It is by means of truth, that God ſanctifies mankind. 2. The word of God is the truth, by which this important purpoſe is effected." The three extracts which follow are favourable ſpecimens of his manner.

I will not aſſert, that the knowledge of the truth and the practice of righteouſneſs are inſeparably connected; and much leſs, that the latter is always in exact proportion to the former. But it is a fact, which I believe will not be denied, that they have been aſſociated in a manner, which could not have been the reſult of accident. A hiſtory of the progreſs and ſtate of religious knowledge, in the various ages and countries of the world, would be found a valuable index of their ſtate of moral improvement.

To ſearch the ſcriptures, in order to acquaint ourſelves with their meaning, is our indiſpenſable duty. When we engage in this employment, we muſt take with us our reaſon and conſcience. Theſe are eſſential to our underſtanding the written word of God. Without their light and aid, we cannot proceed a ſtep in interpreting the ſacred ſcriptures; but ſhall be led into errour and abſurdity, by the firſt metaphor, or figurative expreſſion that occurs.

The ſucceſſor of a Mayhew and a Howard ought not to content himſelf with low attainments in knowledge and goodneſs. This flock have been accuſtomed to ſubſtantial food, and muſt not be fed with chaff. They will require knowledge and underſtanding; or in other words, doctrines and precepts, founded on plain ſcripture and common ſenſe.

The charge, by Profeſſor Ware, is ſuch as we ſhould expect from the decent and correct mind of its author. It is deſtitute of ornament, and contains little novelty. But as ornament would be miſplaced in an authoritative exhortation, and novelty could not be obtained, without deviating from the model which St. Paul has given, theſe circumſtances, we think, entitle it, not to cenſure, but praiſe. In the following paſſage, Mr. Ware, without inſiſting on any doubtful qualifications, points out, in conciſe terms, the endowments, which a candidate for ordination ought to poſſeſs. We give it as a ſpecimen, not only of his ſtyle,

but of his moderation and good sense.

The miniſtry, which you have received yourſelf, you will be careful alſo to commit, as you ſhall be called in providence to that ſervice, only to faithful men, who give ſatisfactory evidence of a ſound underſtanding, of competent knowledge, of pure morals, of unqueſtionable piety, and of unblemiſhed reputation.

The right hand of fellowship, by Mr. Buckminster, is the splendid performance of a young man of genius. The following simile was received by the auditory with a murmur of applause; and we doubt not it will afford a high gratification to the reader.

Is there not, amidſt all the varieties of diſcipline and faith, enough left us in common to preſerve a unity of ſpirit? What though the globes, which compoſe our planetary ſyſtem, are at ſometimes nearer than at others, both to one another and to the ſun, now croſſing one another's path, now eclipſing one another's light, and even ſometimes appearing to our ſhort-ſighted viſion to have wandered irreſoverably, and to have gone off into boundleſs ſpace; yet do we not know that they are ſtill reached by ſome genial beams of the central light, and continue, in their wideſt aberrations, to gravitate to the ſame point in the ſyſtem? And may we not believe that the great head of the church has always diſpenſed, through the numerous ſocieties of chriſtendom, a portion of the healing influences of his religion; has held them inviſibly together, when they have appeared to be ruſhing fartheſt aſunder; and through all the order and confuſion, conjunction and oppoſition, progreſs and decline of churches, has kept alive in every communion a ſupreme regard to his authority, when clearly known, as a common principle of relation to him and to one another?

In the extract which follows, Mr. B. has, with a few masterly strokes, drawn the true characters of the great Mayhew, and the virtuous Howard.

Surely the deſk, where ſuch men as Mayhew and Howard have ſtood, is privileged above the common *walks* of publick inſtruction.—Of Mayhew we have heard and read only, but enough to know, that poſterity will hear and read of him alſo. They will be curious to learn more of that intrepid ſpirit, which nothing could depreſs; of that vigorous underſtanding, which broke ſo eaſily the little meſhes which were ſpread to entangle it. However they may heſitate to follow him in all his ſpeculations, they will never heſitate to admire his noble attachment to his country, its liberties, its churches, and its literature; they will not be intereſted to depreciate the independence of his virtue, the manlineſs of his piety, and the undiſſembled love for the cauſe of his Redeemer. Howard we have ſeen; and who that has ſeen him has forgotten the patriarchal ſimplicity of his character, united with a tenderneſs, which would have been admired even in a brother? Who that knew him is not eager now to aſſure us, that he had ingrafted the moſt ſublime virtues and honourable accompliſhments of his predeceſſor on the ſound and uncorrupted ſtock of his own integrity?

In the last extract we have marked a word, which appears to us to be incorrectly employed. As Mayhew and Howard only *stood* in the pulpit, other publick instructers ought not, in the same sentence, to have *walks* assigned to them.

ART. 10.

A discourse delivered at the request of the American revolution society, before that society, and the state society of the Cincinnati, on the death of Gen. Christopher Gadsden, Sept. 10, 1805. *By Nathaniel Bowen, A. M. rector of St. Michael's, and member of the American revolution society. Published at the request of the two societies.* Charleston. W. P. Young. *pp.* 22.

THERE are various defects in this discourse. The style is too

inverted. In the composition of the sentences, there are too many members and useless adjectives. Two or three instances of bad grammar are discoverable. The relatives, *that* and *which*, are too often elliptically omitted, and the former is sometimes used, when the latter should have been preferred, both on account of perspicuity and euphony. We are willing to believe any thing commendatory of Gen. Gadsden, but the generality of readers would have been more pleased with a biographical narration, than loose eulogy in the body of the discourse, and disjointed historical facts in the notes. From the present work the future historian can glean nothing; and no funeral orator of an illustrious statesman or renowned commander will consider it as a model for eloquence or encomium.

ART. 11.

A supplement to Johnson's English Dictionary. By George Mason. Re-printed from the London Quarto edition. New York, for I. Riley & Co. 8*vo.*

Mr. Mason has unquestionably produced a very useful work, which we recommend to all the proprietors of Johnson's dictionary. We are sorry to find in his preface, that he has treated the great luminary of his age with disrespect, and, we believe, with injustice. He talks of *his inaccuracies, of his various inconsistencies with himself, of his want of diligence, of the narrowness of his intelligence, of his mistakes, of his negligence, and deficiency, of his highly ridiculous observations.*

The dictionary of Johnson is a stupendous work, considered as the production of one man; and has been regarded by the best judges, as superiour to the French lexicon of the forty academicians. According to Garrick's compliment,

He has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.

The genius of Johnson ought not to have been degraded to the mechanical drudgery of such a work, though no man living could have executed it so well. It was Hercules cleansing the Augean stables, the most arduous, and least glorious of his labours. The task of Mr. Mason was comparatively easy. He had only to pick up what might have dropped or been overlooked by the labouring hero. The task was performed by the removal of the filth. Nothing remained for Mr. Mason but the light labours of the broom. Mr. Mason, in his attack on the Doctor, reminds us of Shakespeare's "flea on the lip of a lion."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

Of New Publications in the U. States, for February, 1806.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

☞ *We cannot too often repeat ſolicitations to authors, printers, and bookſellers in the different parts of the United States to ſend us by the earlieſt opportunities (poſt paid) notices of all books which they have lately publiſhed, or which they intend to publiſh. The liſt of new publications contained in the Anthology is the only liſt within our knowledge publiſhed in the United States; and conſequently the only one that can be uſeful to the publick for purpoſes of general reference. If authors and publiſhers will therefore conſent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, ſuch uſe might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wiſhing, the general intereſt of American literature, and the more extenſive circulation of books.*

NEW WORKS.

The ſecond volume of the Medical Theſes, ſelected from among the inaugural diſſertations, publiſhed and defended by the graduates in medicine of the univerſity of Pennſylvania, and of other medical ſchools in the United States, with an introduction, appendix, and occaſional notes. By Charles Caldwell, M. D. editor of the work. To be continued annually. 8vo. pp. 400, price 2 dols. Philadelphia, T. & W. Bradford. 1806.

The Chriſtian Monitor, a religious periodical work, by "a ſociety for promoting chriſtian knowledge, piety, and charity." No. 1. Containing prayers, meditations, &c. for the uſe of various claſſes of perſons, particularly young heads of families. 12mo. pp. 192. Price in boards 80 cents. Boſton, Munroe & Francis. 1806.

The Life of Admiral Lord Nelſon; containing a correct account of all his naval engagements, and univerſally lamented death in the hour of victory. Embelliſhed with an engraved frontiſpiece, deſcriptive of the attack of the fleets off Trafalgar. 25 cts. Philadelphia, John Watts.

A treatiſe on atonement; in which the finite nature of ſin is argued; its cauſe and conſequences as ſuch; the neceſſity and nature of atonement; and its glorious conſequences in the final reconciliation of all men to holineſs and happineſs. By Hoſea Ballon, of Barnard, Woodſtock, Hartland, Bethel, and Bridgwater, author of a pamphlet entitled, Notes on the parables of the new teſtament. Vermont. 1806.

The American Moraliſt; containing a number of moral and religious leſſons, together with humorous and entertaining pieces; deſigned for the uſe of ſchools. 12 mo. 37½ cents. 3,50 per doz. Worceſter, Thomas, jun.

An anſwer to "War in diſguiſe;" or remarks upon the new doctrine of England, reſpecting neutral rights. 8vo. pp. 76. New-York. I. Riley & Co. 1806.

The new judiciary ſyſtem, founded on the abolition of the general court; or the acts of the general aſſembly of Maryland for the reform, organization, and regulation of the court of common law. Baltimore. 8vo. price 25 cents. 1805.

An anſwer to a pamphlet, entitled, "Conſiderations on the publick expediency of a bridge from one part of Boſton to the other." E. Lincoln. 1806.

The memorial of the merchants and traders of the city of Baltimore to the preſident and congreſs of the U. States. Baltimore. Warner & Hanna.

The Literary Miſcellany, No. 3, of Vol. II. For January, 1806. Cambridge, William Hilliard. 8vo. pp 108.

The firſt number of The Medical and Agricultural Regiſter, deſigned for the uſe of families. 8vo. pp. 16. Publiſhed monthly, price 1 dol. per ann. Boſton, Manning & Loring.

The abortion of the young ſteam engineer's guide, a new ſcientifick work on the power of ſteam. By Oliver Evans, author of the millwright and miller's guide. Philadelphia. 1,25 in boards.

The comick ſongſter, or a pill for care; a ſelection of the moſt approved comick

ſongs, ſung at the Baltimore and Philadelphia theatres. Baltimore. 1806.

A ſermon, delivered to the church and ſociety in Salem, Jan. 1, 1806, at the dedication of the new brick meeting-houſe in that place. By Lucius Bolles, paſtor of the church. Boſton, Manning and Loring.

Dr. Cowdery's journal, in miniature. Boſton, Belcher & Armſtrong. 1806. 12mo. pp 24.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Anatomy of the human body. By William Cheſelden, ſurgeon of his majeſty's royal hoſpital at Chelſea, fellow of the royal ſociety, and member of the royal academy of ſurgeons at Paris. With 40 copperplates. Second American edition. 8vo. pp. 352. Price 2 dols. Boſton. David Weſt. 1806.

Letters on the ſtudy and uſe of ancient and modern hiſtory: containing obſervations and reflections on the cauſes and conſequences of thoſe events, which have produced conſpicuous changes in the aſpect of the world and the general ſtate of human affairs. By John Bigland, author of "Reflections on the reſurrection and aſcenſion." Price 2 dols. Philadelphia. W. W. Woodward. 1806.

An eaſy introduction to aſtronomy for young gentlemen and ladies, deſcribing the figure, motions, and dimenſions of the earth, the different ſeaſons, gravity, and light, the ſolar ſyſtem, the tranſit of Venus, and its uſe in aſtronomy, the moon's motions and phaſes, the cauſe of the ebbing and flowing of the ſea, &c. &c. By James Ferguſon, F.R.S. Firſt American from the ſeventh London edition, with plates. Philadelphia. Price 1 dollar.

An impartial and ſuccinct Hiſtory of the revival and progreſs of theChurch of Chriſt, from the reformation to the preſent time. With faithful characters of the principal perſonages. By the Rev. T. Haweis, LL.B. and M.L. chaplain to the late counteſs of Huntingdon, &c. To which is ſubjoined Appendix No. 3, containing memoirs of the leadings of divine providence in the call of Capt. James Wilſon to the work of conducting the South Sea miſſion, by the ſame hand. The whole taken from the larger work of the doctor, in 3 vols. lately publiſhed in England. In 1 vol. 8vo. Price 1,75. Worceſter. 1806.

The Hiſtory of the Britiſh colonies in Weſt-Indies, with that of the iſland of Hiſpaniola or St. Domingo. By Bryan Edwards, eſq. F.R.S. S.A. To which is added, a general hiſtory and deſcription of the Bahama iſlands. In 4 vols. large 8vo. embelliſhed with a highly finiſhed portrait of Mr. Edwards, and illuſtrated by an atlas. Philadelphia, J. Humphreys. 1806.

Twenty-four Lectures on the goſpel of St. Matthew, delivered in the pariſh church of St. James, Weſtminſter, in the years 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801. By the right reverend Beilby Porteus, D.D. biſhop of London. 8vo. fine paper, 2 dols. Northampton, S. & E. Butler.

The Seaman's Preacher, conſiſting of nine ſhort and plain diſcourſes on Jonah's voyage. Addreſſed to mariners. By John Byther, miniſter of the goſpel in Wapping; a new edition, reviſed and corrected. Deſigned to be put into the hands of ſailors and perſons going to ſea. With a preface by Rev. John Newton, rector of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, London, and the recommendations of ſeveral other miniſters. Cambridge. W. Hilliard. 1806.

Practical Philoſophy of ſocial life; or the art of converſing with men; after the manner of Baron Knigge. By P. Will, miniſter of the reformed Dutch congregation in the Savoy. Worceſter, Thomas, jun. 1 vol. 8vo. 2 dols.

Lectures on Rhetorick and Belles Lettres. By Hugh Blair, D.D. and F.R.S. Edinburgh. Abridged. 1 vol. 12mo. Boſton, Thomas & Andrews. 1806.

A neat and correct edition of the pocket bible. Fine copies, morocco, 2 vols, with pſalms, 3,50; green ſheep, do. do. 2,25; morocco, 1 vol. with pſalms, 2,50; calf, gilt edges, 1 vol. with pſalms, 2,25; fine paper, 2 vols. plain, 1,25; do. without pſalms, 1,62½; do. plain binding, with pſalms, 1,50; common paper, 1,37. Philadelphia. Woodward. 1806.

The town officer, or the power and duty of ſelectmen, town clerks, and all other town and pariſh officers, as contained in the laws of the commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts, with a variety of forms for their uſe. Sixth edition, much improved and enlarged, by Samuel Freeman, eſq. Pr. 1,12½ cts. Boſton, Thomas & Andrews. 12mo. 1805.

American Clerk's Magazine, or valuable aſſiſtant to every man; containing the moſt uſeful and neceſſary forms of writings, which commonly occur between man and man, ſuch as agreements, re-

ceipts, letters of attorney, deeds, bargains, wills, petitions, covenants, aſſignments, releaſes, mortgages, declarations, bonds, writs, &c. leaſes, conveyances, awards, ſales, notes, indentures, and all other kinds of inſtruments, enabling every man legally to tranſact his own concerns, and thereby ſave the expenſe of employing others. The whole calculated for the uſe of the citizens of the U. States, and conformable to law. Sixth edition, reviſed and improved. By Samuel Freeman, eſq. 12mo. Price 1 dol. Boſton, Thomas & Andrews. 1805.

The Firſt Settlers of Virginia, an hiſtorical novel, exhibiting a view of the riſe and progreſs of the colony at James-Town, a picture of Indian manners, the countenance of the country, and its natural productions. The ſecond edition, conſiderably enlarged. New-York, printed for I. Riley & Co. 1806. pp. 284.

The Sacred Muſician, and young gentleman and lady's practical guide to muſick, in three parts. By Ebenezer Child. Worceſter. 75 cents. 1806.

Original poems for infant minds, by ſeveral young perſons. Philadelphia. Kimber, Conrad & Co. 37½ cts. 1806.

IN THE PRESS.

The Maritime Law of Europe. By M. D. A. Azuni, late ſenator, and judge of the commercial and maritime court at Nice, member of the academies of ſciences at Turin, Naples, Florence, Modena, Alexandria, Carrara, Rome, and Trieſte, member of the Athenæum of arts, and of the academy of legiſlation at Paris, and of the academy of arts and ſciences at Marſeilles. Tranſlated from the laſt Paris edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Price to ſubſcribers 3 dollars a vol. New York. Iſaac Riley & Co.

Smith's Newhampſhire Latin Grammar. 12mo. D. Carliſle, for John Weſt, Boſton.

Underwood on the diſeaſes of children. 8vo. Boſton, David Weſt.

Paley's View of the evidences of the chriſtian religion. Third American edition. 8vo. D. Carliſle, for John Weſt, Boſton.

Chaptall's Chemiſtry. 8vo. Boſton, Thomas & Andrews.

Abridgement of Morſe's Geography. 1 vol. 12mo. Boſton, Thomas & Andrews.

Baxter's miſcellanies, containing, Call to the Unconverted—Walks in Solitude —and Dying Thoughts. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, Woodward.

PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The particular communion of the Baptiſt churches explained and vindicated. Two tracts, publiſhed originally by the author in 1789 and 1794: together with an appendix, containing obſervations and arguments on the preſent ſtate of controverſy reſpecting that ſubject. By Thomas Baldwin, D.D. 12mo. about 300 pages. Price to ſubſcribers 1 dollar bound. Boſton, Manning & Loring.

A volume of ſermons on intereſting ſubjects. By Sir Henry Monerieff Wellwood, Bart. D.D. and F.R.S. Edinburgh, and ſenior chaplain in ordinary in Scotland to his royal highneſs the prince of Wales. 8vo. between 3 and 400 pages. Price bound and lettered 1,75. Hartford, Conn. Lincoln & Gleaſon.

The Village Dialogues. By the eminently pious and Rev. Roland Hill, of London. Theſe dialogues, thirty-four in number, are on a variety of intereſting ſubjects, and eſpecially the ſlave trade. 2 vols. 12mo. about 350 pages each, fine paper. Philadelphia. Woodward.

A new work, entitled, Political World, or an inquiry reſpecting the rights and duties of the people of all countries. By Elihu Palmer. The ſubject of this work will be preſented to the publick under four general diviſions, including, 1. A philoſophick developement of the moral conſtitution and eſſential rights of human exiſtence. 2. The beſt means of preſerving theſe rights under the influence of correct political eſtabliſhments. In this part of the work a particular diſcuſſion of the excellencies and defects of the American conſtitutions will be preſented. 3. The connection between civil and eccleſiaſtical deſpotiſm. Under this diviſion of the ſubject it will be proved, that until church and ſtate ſhall be ſeparated in their reſpective empires, and their rights and boundaries marked with diſtinct and diſcriminate preciſion, it will be impoſſible to place republican liberty upon any ſolid or durable foundation. 4. An anticipated view of the moral and ſcientifick conſequences reſulting from the univerſal eſtabliſhment of liberty, together with anſwers to the formidable objections which have been advanced againſt the perfectable nature of man, and the triumphant reign of republican virtue over the whole earth. 12mo. pp. 350. Price bound 1 dollar. New-York.

A collection of pſalm and hymn tunes, taken principally from a celebrated work, lately publiſhed in London, and uſed at the chapel of the Lock Hoſpital, &c. To which will be added ſome of the moſt favourite tunes at preſent in uſe in the United States. This work will be adapted for four voices and organ for the publick worſhip. As the full harmony, or thorough baſs, is annexed to the treble, in ſmall notes, it will be equally calculated for the piano forte with one or two voices. The whole work will contain about 200 pages folio, including a title page, index, &c. The firſt number, of 8 pages folio, engraved, will be publiſhed the 1ſt of March, and continued monthly. Price to ſubſcribers 50 cents, to non-ſubſcribers 75 cents. Boſton, C. Graupner, publiſher.

The Man of Feeling, a novel, by H. Mc Kenzie, Eſq. author of the Man of the World, &c. with an account of the author's life, never before publiſhed. 1 vol. 8vo. price 1 dol. Richmond, Vir. S. Grantland.

A new muſical work, entitled The Harmonick Magazine. To be publiſhed in numbers, ſemi-monthly, and to contain ſelections from the compoſitions of the moſt celebrated muſicians in Europe, together with American original compoſitions. Each number to contain 32 pages quarto. A title page and index to be given with the volume. Price 3 dollars per annum, or 50 cents per number. Salem, Maſſa. S. Holyoke, publiſher.

INTELLIGENCE.

A beautiful *Stereotype Prayer-Book*, in double columns, 12mo., with large face minion letter, on 264 plates, was publiſhed by the Univerſity of Cambridge, Eng. July 8; and ſince then an 8vo. Engliſh Teſtament in long primer. Theſe are the firſt fruits, we truſt, of many excellent productions of this kind, which may be expected to proceed from that preſs. We are happy to hear, that the Univerſity of Oxford has adopted the ſame plan of printing; and that preparations are now making there to begin a new octavo edition of the Welſh Bible in Stereotype, of which the Society for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge has engaged twenty thouſand copies. A Stereotype Pocket Bible, in Welſh, of twenty thouſand copies, had been previouſly undertaken for the Britiſh and Foreign Bible Society, by the Univerſity of Cambridge.

The Bookſellers have agreed to reprint *Dr. Johnſon's Engliſh Poets*, with the addition of *Chaucer*, *Spenſer*, and the other early poets, as well as the moſt eminent of thoſe poets who have died ſince *Mr. Johnſon's* ſeries cloſed. The whole will form a complete body of Engliſh poetry. The early poets will be collected, and the additional lives written by *Mr. Alexander Chalmers*.

A new edition of *Dr. Johnſon's* works, being the fourth ſince his death, is alſo in the preſs, and will appear in the early part of the winter. This has ſome additions and illuſtrative notes.

It is in the department of ancient claſſicks, that the emulation of the German literati appears chiefly to be ſtimulated. Many have come forth from the ſchool of *Heyne*. The edition of *Homer's Iliad*, by Profeſſor Wolf, who prefixed an elaborate collection of proofs, deduced from internal and external circumſtances, that *all* the poems aſcribed to Homer were not written by the ſame hand, has excited great attention in France, where it has been oppoſed by the learned Reviewer of the hiſtorians of Alexander the Great.

The doubts which have been ſtarted in England, on the authenticity of the four celebrated orations ſuppoſed to have been delivered by Cicero after his return from exile, and which had been refuted by Geſner in his lectures before the Royal Society at Göttingen, from 1753 to 1759, were revived by Mr. Wolf, who reprinted, in 1801, the arguments on both ſides of the queſtion, with his objections to thoſe of Geſner, and intimations that the authencity of another famous oration of Cicero might be diſputed. Accordingly, in the following year, he printed the oration *pro Marcello*, with an introduction, and commentary, maintaining it to be ſpurious. Theſe eſſays, which we apprehend to have been merely ſportive, threw the publick cenſors of literature into no ſmall perplexity and conſternation; and they ſeem to have thought Wolf, like Antæus, to be invincible on the ſoil from which he ſprung.

At length, Wormius ventured to encounter him on Daniſh ground : and printed another edition of the controverted oration, with annotations, in which, ſtep by ſtep, he gravely refuted M. Wolf, probably much to the amuſement of the latter, whoſe only view is thought to have been, to indulge his humour at the expenſe of perſons who prided themſelves on the reputation of ſuperiour criticiſm.

The new edition of *Tacitus*, with Ruperti's Commentary, publiſhed (at the late Leipzig fair) by Dieterich, is merely a compilation, printed with bad types on coarſe paper. At the ſame time, M. Fritſch, of Leipzig, publiſhed an edition of the younger *Pliny's* works, edited by Schäfer ; and alſo, of *Propertius*, by Mr. Kninöl of Gieſſen. The former is an improvement of Geſner's edition ; and is printed with excellent types, on fine paper : but the latter is, in theſe reſpects, much inferiour to Heyne's Tibullus.

Mr. Wooll has in the preſs, Biographical Memoirs of the late Dr. J. Warton, with a ſelection from his poetical works, and an extenſive literary correſpondence between eminent perſons, left by him for publication.

J. C. Davie, Eſq. has in the preſs, Travels in South America, in a ſeries of letters to the late Mr. Yorke, of Taunton-Dean.

Mungo Park, with his companions, who ſailed from Portſmouth a few months ago, having touched at the iſlands of St. Jago and Goree, arrived at Kayay, on the river Gambia, on the 14th of April, whence they were to proceed in a few days into the interiour of Africa. The heat was at that time ſo exceſſive, that the thermometer was, in the middle of the day, 100 degrees in the ſhade, and frequently three hours after ſunſet it continued from 82 to 92 degrees.

Mr. Humboldt is beginning to publiſh the reſults of his late travels, with an affectation that deſerves to be reprobated. He begins with ſome expenſive numbers of botany, and thence proceeds to ſome other numbers of zoology and geology, promiſing that he will condeſcend alſo to give to the publick an *abridged* account of his travels, adapted to general reading. His condeſcenſion does not, however, terminate here : for he tells the world that he may probably, in a few years, publiſh a full account of his travels, but that the *abridged* account may ſatisfy curioſity till he has leiſure to gratify it fully !

Mr. Irving, author of a work on Engliſh Compoſition, and of the Lives of the Scottiſh Poets, is engaged on a Life of the celebrated George Buchanan.

The emperour of Ruſſia propoſes forming an inſtitution at Peterſburg for the purpoſe of improving the navy, which is to be called the Marine Muſeum. In this inſtitution, leſſons in all the ſciences neceſſary to be known by a ſea-officer will be given. It will publiſh a ſort of journal upon every ſubject that concerns the marine. There will be attached to the muſeum a library and a collection of natural hiſtory, which will be conſtantly open to the ſtudents. The eſtabliſhment is to be under the direction of the miniſter of the marine, and the members are to wear a uniform like that of the marines.

General Alexander Palitzyn has tranſlated into the Ruſſian language the Voyage of Lord Macartney to China, which will be accompanied with very fine plates.

M. Dupuis, of the Inſtitute, has read a curious memoir on the phœnix. He demonſtrates that this celebrated bird never exiſted. It was ſtated to return at periods of 1481 years ; but writes very conſiderably relative to this duration. Herodotus relates many wonderful things concerning the phœnix ; Pliny ſpeaks of its reproduction ; Tacitus informs us, that it repairs to Heliopolis to die. It was conſecrated to the ſun. One of the times of its appearance occurred during the reign of Seſoſtris, 1328 years before our era. Horus Apollo and Nonnus aſſert that it was an emblem of the ſun, and one of the names of that luminary.

A ſociety has been eſtabliſhed at Berlin, whoſe object is to ſend miſſionaries every year to Africa, and eſpecially to that part of it inhabited by the negroes, that with the light of chriſtianity they may diffuſe ſome tincture of our arts, and ſow ſeeds of a more refined civilization. Two miſſionaries have already ſet out for Guinea.

A variety of valuable antiquities have been diſcovered in Theſſaly. Among them are the buſts of Ariſtotle and Anacreon, a large ſtatue of Ceres, with a coin of Lyſimachus, and ſome remarkable pillars. A Greek MS., containing a commentary of Nicephorus on the ancients, and the ancient Greek church, was diſcovered at the ſame time.

The reſearches at Pompeii are continued with great ſucceſs. The queen of Naples has been with the royal family to inſpect them, and in her preſence was diſcovered an ancient edifice, in which were found vaſes of the greateſt beauty, medals, muſical inſtruments, and what is of more value than all the reſt, a beautiful bronze ſtatue repreſenting Hercules killing the celebrated hind of mount Mænalus. The compoſition and deſign of this group are perfect. In the ſame building have likewiſe been found ſome extremely beautiful paintings, among which one repreſenting Diana ſurpriſed by Acteon is particularly diſtinguiſhed. The colouring of Diana is equal to any thing that Titian ever produced. The queen, it is ſaid, intends to have this ſtructure repaired. She has likewiſe ordered the chevalier Venuti to ſuperintend at Rome the execution of a work in marble, alabaſter, and metal, repreſenting Pompeii in miniature. The chevalier has already executed a ſimilar performance, repreſenting the temples of Pæſtum, which is in the poſſeſſion of the queen.

At the town of Fieſole, near Florence, a beautiful amphitheatre has been diſcovered, and the greateſt part of it cleared from the rubbiſh. It is ſuppoſed that it would contain at leaſt 30,000 perſons.

Neutral Rights.—The editor, having received letters from ſeveral perſons of diſtinction in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boſton, moſt of whom are perſonally unknown to him, adviſing him to republiſh his numbers on neutral rights in a more permanent form, and their advice having been backed by that of ſome of the moſt reſpectable of his friends in this place, makes the following reply to all theſe applications at once. His circumſtances are not ſuch as to enable him unaſſiſted to carry on a work through the preſs of the magnitude this would be, nor would prudence juſtify the attempt, without the ſupport of a ſubſcription to at leaſt an indemniſying amount. The ſubject is becoming in ſome degree trite, and, to borrow from a letter before me, publick curioſity, always capricious and eaſily wearied, is ſomewhat abated for reading performances of this nature. As, however, the numbers which have appeared in this paper, and which are in a ſtate of preparation to appear, will, when the ſeries is completed, afford at leaſt a more extenſive view of the ſubject, in all its aſpects, than any publication that has yet iſſued from the preſs; the editor is ready and even deſirous to comply with the requeſts with which he has been honoured, if a ſubſcription for that purpoſe can be filled. And that the experiment may be fairly made, he offers the following propoſals:—The numbers, with thoſe to come, ſhall be remoulded, reviſed, and corrected, and form a firſt part; a particular anſwer to ſome of the ſophiſms of War in Diſguiſe, will form a ſecond part; and a collection of all the official documents and memorials which have appeared, having relation to the ſubject, ſhall be added by way of Appendix; ſo as to put the purchaſer in poſſeſſion of a book to which he may at any time refer for all the information he may deſire on a queſtion of ſo great national moment. As it is not practicable to aſcertain what the ſize of the book will be, it is not eaſy to fix upon the price. It is poſſible it may extend to a volume of 400 or perhaps 500 pages, and it will be afforded at the uſual price of a work of ſuch a ſize. To be put to preſs as ſoon as the appearance of the ſubſcription liſt will juſtify it. W. COLEMAN.

[*N. York Evening Poſt.*]

We have received from Philadelphia a proſpectus of a new periodical paper, to be called The Hour, by Thomas Timekeeper; to be publiſhed every Monday, and will, for the moſt part, be devoted to topicks immediately connected with the Hour; embracing politicks, arts, ſciences, and polite literature; and including, in a more eſpecial manner, a review of the new books, magazines, repoſitories, and various journals of the United States. It will conſiſt of eight large octavo pages, elegantly printed. The price 4 dollars per annum.

Rev. Samuel Auſtin and Mr. Iſaiah Thomas, jun. have iſſued propoſals for publiſhing, by ſubſcription, The complete Works of the late Rev. Preſident Edwards of New Jerſey, in eight octavo volumes of about five hundred pages each, price fourteen dollars, bound.—The publick are now in poſſeſſion of theſe works, but in ſeparate volumes and imperfect editions. It was thought a tribute of reſpect due to this great and amiable theologian, that it would be promotive of the literary reputation of our country, and eſſentially ſubſerve the

cauſe of truth and piety in general, to collect theſe works and publiſh them under one entire impreſſion. Since this plan was projected, a ſimilar one has been formed, and the execution of it is now in conſiderable forwardneſs on the other ſide of the Atlantic. But from the late increaſe of taxes impoſed by the Britiſh government, and other incidental cauſes, books imported from England cannot be afforded by bookſellers as cheap as thoſe which are printed here. Beſides, it is to our reproach to ſuffer the works of a man of ſo much celebrity and ſuch uncommon attainments, a man who ſtands on the height of elevation, as a metaphyſician, a theologian, a diſcriminating caſuiſt, and an experimental chriſtian, to want that patronage in his own country which they have abroad.

The Plays of William Shakeſpeare, with Johnſon and Steevens' notes, augmented by Iſaac Reed, are now publiſhing by Meſſrs. Riley & Co. of New York, and Maxwell, &c. of Philadelphia. This firſt complete American edition will be contained in ſeventeen volumes crown octavo, printed in a ſtyle eminently beautiful on a nfie cream-coloured woven paper, under the immediate direction and ſuperintendance of an editor, aſſiſted by ſeveral men of letters.

Sydenham's Works.—Mr. Francis Nichols, of Philadelphia, propoſes to reprint the works of Dr. Sydenham, in two volumes octavo, price about three dollars fifty cents. Many phyſicians have been conſulted on the ſubject, who concur in recommending their publication. They will be publiſhed with notes, intended to render them more uſeful to the American ſtudent of medicine, by Benjamin Ruſh, M. D. Profeſſor of Medicine in the univerſity of Pennſylvania. As the expenſe of publiſhing theſe works will be conſiderable, and the ſale not extenſive, they cannot be undertaken without a proſpect of ſucceſs; all phyſicians therefore who are inclined to encourage the publication of them, are deſired to uſe their intereſt among their medical friends, and to tranſmit the names of ſubſcribers to F. Nichols, T. Dobſon, J. Conrad & Co. and S. F. Bradford, bookſellers, Philadelphia; or to White, Burditt, & Co. Boſton.

Mr. Samuel Pleaſants, jun. of Richmond, Virginia, is preparing for the preſs, Part I. of the ſecond volume of the Reviſed Code, containing a collection of ſuch acts of the general aſſembly of Virginia, of a publick and permanent nature, as have been paſſed ſince the year 1801, together with thoſe of the ſame nature, which were omitted in the laſt edition of that work, from 1798 to 1801 incluſive, with notes of reference to former and ſubſequent ſtatutes; to which will be added an appendix and copious index.

DEATHS IN BOSTON

From Thurſday, Jan. 16 to Thurſday, Feb. 13, as reported to the Board of Health.

	Male.	Fem.	Ch.
Accident			1
Conſumption	4	5	2
Debility	1		
Dropſy		1	
*Fever, nervous	6	3	
Old age	3	4	
Peripneumony		1	
Suddenly	2	1	
Unknown	2		13
Total	18	15	16

* Probably incorrect.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES

FOR FEBRUARY.

AT the commencement of February the weather was cold for the moſt part, and ſometimes attended with ſnow. Afterwards, a cloudy atmoſphere, ſudden changes to warm weather, which quickly diſſolved the ſnows, and then as ſuddenly became cold. From about the middle of the month it has been uniformly mild; the ſnow has diſappeared, and vegetation commenced.

The acute diſeaſes of the month have been fewer, than might have been expected from the great variations of temperature, which have exiſted. In the return of deaths (which, by the way, is deficient and incorrect, but better than none) we find ſcarcely any acute diſeaſes named. The truth is, that moſt of thoſe diſorders, which recurred, were cured by medicine. Among theſe may be enumerated a few caſes of pneumonic inflammation, of rheumatiſm, of catarrh, and ſome of typhus mitior followed by long protracted convaleſcence. Chronic complaints form at preſent much the largeſt proportion of diſeaſe.